The Ypsilanti Sentinel-Commercial.

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WM. JUDSON IS DEAD

Well Known Citizen Answers Sudden Summons

AFFECTION OF THE HEART

Caused Death—A Great Shock to the Community—Sketch of His Life

The report that Hon. Wm. Judson had died suddenly of heart failure at his home Tuesday evening came as a great shock to everybody in the city. It was not even known to most people that he was in the least indisposed. But it seems he had on Monday complained of pains in the region of the heart and consulted Dr. Lynds who prescribed for him. He, however, spent the day at Whitmore Lake and seemed in his usual spirits. Tuesday morning he was down town and about the streets without any premonition of the sudden termination in store for him. He ate his supper as usual and sat down to read the evening papers. In the early evening he felt a return of the pains about his heart and retired, and Mrs. Judson again called Dr. Lynds. As the doctor was not at home, Dr. Belser was summoned, but before he arrived Mr. Judson was dead. Mrs. Judson appeared to sense the danger her husband was in and before the doctor arrived, becoming greatly alarmed, called in William Arnold, Jr., a neighbor. When he arrived Mr. Judson was unconscious and he died a few minutes before 9 o'clock.

Mr. Judson was born Oct. 13, 1842, in Sylvan township, his father being William Judson, who had immigrated from Lincoinshire, England, and his mother, Jane, from Ireland. All the education he received was in the district school in his town. He left home when 17 years of age, going to work at $5 a month for the first year, $7 per month the second, and $12 a month the third. He then worked for Whedon & Hatch of Chelsea, for three years receiving $300, $400 and $600 a year respectively. He then became a drover and continued in this occupation until 1894.

Mr. Judson has held a number of public positions and was state oil inspector at the time of his death . He served two terms as township treasurer of Sylvan township and two terms as trustee of the village of Chelsea. He was postmaster of Chelsea under President Harrison and served three years and nine months. He was elected sheriff of Washtenaw in the republican landslide of 1894 and re-elected in 1896. Governor Pingree appointed him state inspector of illuminating oils in 1896 which place he has held ever since. He has been active in political matters and has attended every county and state convention of his party during the past twenty-five years as a delegate. The bitter factional contests which have raged around Mr. Judson as the leader of his party in Washtenaw and the state during the past eight or ten years are too fresh in the memory of all to call for reiteration at this time.

Mr. Judson was married in 1866 to Miss Fannie I. Morton, who with a son and daughter, Arthur G. Judson and Mrs. John Schlee, survive him.

Mr. Judson was a man of warm impulses, strong friendships and equally strong enmities. He was a kind husband and father and a good neighbor. He will be greatly missed in the community and in the state at large.

Mr. Judson was a strong man in many respects, and his followers were the workers in the ranks. He made himself enemies, it is true, but the intensity of their hostility was equaled by the loyalty of his friends, through which he defeated every effort to dethrone him.

He was never a talker, but a worker. He was not strong as a vote getter himself, but his fort lay in securing delegates and manipulating conventions.

He was the only republican sheriff of Washtenaw since 1866, but in 1894, that year of republican landslides, he was by no means the highest man on the ticket. In 1896 the vote was so close on sheriff as to cause a recount. To him was due the feud which for some years has split the republican party of Washtenaw. But he was always able to win success at the primaries. In this kind of work he was certainly a past master. His success in getting a Pingree delegation from Washtenaw county had much to do with the nomination of Pingree in the hot fight in the Grand Rapids convention of 1896, where his excellent political judgment had much influence on the result.

He was for Stearns in 1900 and went to the Grand Rapids convention with a solid delegation, but there was also a protesting delegation. The same protest made its appearance in the conpressional and senatorial conventions at that time, but Judson won out. He was shrewd enough when it became apparent that Stearns could not be nominated for governor to swing over to Bliss and thus retain his state office against the opposition of many of the leading republicans of Washtenaw.

His greatest prestige, probably, as a state leader was won through the resolution which he and W. W. Wedemeyer got through the Grand Rapids convention of last August endorsing R. A. Alger for senator. There was much and powerful opposition to the scheme. General Alger himself was at first opposed to it. There was a caucus on the matter on the eve of teh convention, lasting until early in the morning, and Judson insisted that such a resolution could be carried, as he had been all over the state and knew the temper of the delegates. He finally won against the opposing advice of many clever politicians. When Gen. Alger decided to take Judson's judgment as correct, the latter went out to make good his conception of the situation, and he won, after a bitter fight. This made Alger senator.

It is probable that the defection of W. W. Wedemeyer and Gen. Fred W. Green last spring grieved Judson more than any other happening during his stormy political career. They had been lieutenants upon whose support often more depended than possibly even Judson himself was willing to admit. But even this did not lead to his retirement from official position at the end of his term as oil inspector, as many thought it would. And it was geenrally believed that there would be a federal position awaiting him when he did ultimately retire from the oil inspectorship.

There was probably no man in the state with keener knowledge of practical politics than he. He understood as few do the influences which control the political primaries and he made the most of this knowledge. He knew how to attach men to him who would follow his leadership anywhere. Had he lived, therefore, he would have had to be reckoned with for some years to come.

Mr. Judson's remains will be taken to Chelsea, this morning for burial, the funeral being held at 10 o'clock.

AN INTERESTING COURSE OF LECTURE

BEING DELIVERED AT NORMAL HALL BY PRES. HALL

Gross Ignorance of Nature by Children in Cities—More Teachers Needed With Love for Work

The lectures given this week by President G. Stanley Hall are well worth attending and the public are not failing to take advantage of them. The seats are usually all filled and men and women are seen at these lectures who ordinarily do not climb the Normal hill. Although the man is a scientist his talks are extremely simple and interesting. People go out saying to one another, "Isn't he easy to listen to? What splendid thoughts." The lectures are valuable to all who have or ever may have anything to do with children.

So many children of the large cities are so ignorant of commonplace things that in dealing with this phase the "science of ignorance" might be applied. In some of our great cities it has been discovered that 64 per cent of the children had never seen a sunrise, 48 per cent knew nothing of the moon, in Boston 61 per cent didn't know beans. That is they didn't know whether they grew on trees or in the ground. Some thought a cow was about the size of one's finger. About 114 topics such as mentioned the children of our great cities are entirely ignorant of. What we need, says President Hall, is plenty of material and teachers who have a love for nature—not the wishy-washy kind which slops over now and then, but a sentiment which is permanent, which is broad, which is enduring and makes man the "bright consummate flower of nature."

STARTLING EVIDENCE.

Fresh testimony in great quantity is constantly coming in, declaring Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption Coughs and Colds to be unequaled. A recent expression from T. J, McFarland Bentorville, Va., serves as example. He writes: "I had Bronchitis for three years and doctored all the time without being benefited. Then I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery, and a few bottles wholly cured me'.' Equally effective in curing all Lung and Throat troubles, Consumption, Pneumonia and Grip. Guaranteed by Duane Spalsbury and Smith Bros., druggists. Regular sizes 50c and $1.00.

Manager Wanted at Ypsilanti—Rogers Silverware no canvassing; salary twenty weekly; fifty dollar bond and reference. Address, Dept. A., 7-8 Bennett Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

The Sentinel-Commercial should be in every home. $1 per year.

THE OPENING OF BROWER STREET

Caused a Hot Discussion in the Council

COULDN'T GET TWO THIRDS

Of Members and Consequently Was Hung Up—Scheme to Give Police More Pay

Every alderman was present at the meeting Monday night and it was the scrappiest conference that body has had for some time, reminding one more of a free-for-all rather than a conclave of aldermen.

The first matter of importance brought up was the attempt to raise the salary of the police, who formerly received $45 per month, but this was cut to $40 when it was found that the charter limited them to that amount.

In a letter the police commission notified the council that they would consider ten hours a day's work, and hereafter the police would be allowed overtime. For the first hour they will receive 25 cents extra and 15 cents for all succeeding hours. As they put in 12 hours a day, this means a return to the old scale of wages.

Ald. Colby moved that this be accepted, but Cremer substituted that it be referred to the committee on salaries. This committee consists of Palmer, Worden and Zwergel.

Two communications were received, one from the American League of Municipalities and one from the Michigan League, asking Ypsilanti to join. Annual meetings of thes leagues are held at which matters of importance to city government are discussed.

Ald. Zwergel moved that the city join and Ainsworth called for a roll call. Every alderman voted aye excepting Cremer and Palmer who prefaced his vote with the remark that he knew nothing about it so he guessed he'd vote "no."

A petition from the leading 'bus and transfer lines was read asking the city to license all drays, hacks, etc., and to attach a number to each one. The matter was referred to the committee on licenses.

The question of paving Washington street was killed so dead that it will never come to life again. A protest longer than the street itself was brought in against it. The protest was placed on file.

But the real fight of the evening was over the opening of Brower street through to Pearl. All that is necessary to do this would be to move one house. There has, however, been two protests aginst this, at former meetings. Ald. Colby, Zwergel and O'Connor were the committee to whom the matter was referred and they reported in favor of opening.

When remarks were called for Colby was on his feet in an instant and spoke of the necessity of this as a public improvement. Even now the people who object to the opening have worn a path a foot and a half deep through the private property that will have to be condemned.

Cremer followed with the remark that if it was such a great improvement he failed to see why the people should object to it.

Mr. McGregor, of Trim & McGregor, then addressed the council using some very enticing statistics to prove his statement. He offered to bet Cremer $100 that everyone on the street did not object to it, but Cremer did not take the bet.

Roll call on the matter resulted as follows: Ayes—O'Connor, Ainsworth, Zwergel, Colby, Max, Worden—6. Nays—Vaul, Stoup, Palmer, Cremer—4.

As it takes two-thirds vote to condemn private property for public use, the matter was hung up.

Some time ago Mr. Kniseley wanted to build a walk and he had the city engineer do the surveying. He was given three sets of stakes and told to take his choice. He wanted the council to assist him in the selection, and he was referred to the streets and walks committee.

This gave Ald. Colby a chance to moralize on the kind of engineering the city is getting.

On motion by Ald. Cremer the time for the collection of the July taxes was extended to August 8.

Another matter that there was a big squable over was the question of buying a new exercising wagon for the fire department. A motion was introduced by Ald. Max that this be done. Ainsworth insisted that it should be left to the judgment of the committee on supplies whether there should be one bought or not, while Colby insisted that they must go ahead and buy one, if the council so ordered. Ald. Colby came out with colors flying as the committee was instructed to buy one.

Ald. Cremer moved that the $19,824.10 borrowed among the various funds be returned. The motion prevailed.

Zwergel then brought up the question as to what the city was going to do with the $10,000, that was in the water works fund. At present the money can not be touched and it is not even drawing interest. City Attorney Towner will make a few suggestions at the next meeting.

WILL IMPROVE CONSERVATORY

BOARD OF EDUCATION DECIDED TO DO AT LAST MEETING

Will Spend $2'500 in Putting on New Roof, Changing Entrance and Otherwise Improving It

At its July meeting the state board of education voted to extensively improve the Normal Conservatory building. They intend to remodel it so it will harmonize with the rest of the Normal buildings. A. E. Arnold of Battle Creek, who designed the Science building, will have charge of the work.

The roof will be changed, the east entrance closed, and a portico built on the side facing the main building. The interior will also be altered. The expense will be about $2,500.

Miss A. F. Chase, a graduate of the Pratt Institute, was appointed teacher of domestic science in the training school.

DID KIRK HAVE THE KEY

A crowd of lawyers, officers, plaintiffs, defendants, witnesses, idlers and the rest of the riff-raff that gather about the justice office whenever there is a trial on, were in Justice Childs' office Tuesday during the trial of a civil case, when the 'phone rang. An officer stepped up and answered the call.

"What? Yes, this is Childs'. Who? John Kirk? Yes, he's here."

And the representative from the Second district stepped to the hello-box.

"Hello—Hello! Yes, this is John. Speak a little louder, please. I can't hear a word you say. Who is this, please?"

"Say, stand closer to the 'phone so I can hear. What?"

Finally, John lost his temper and growing red in the face strongly advised the man at the other end of the line to seek a warmer clime and banged up the receiver.

A few minutes later the 'phone rang again and the officer again answered.

"What? Oh, is that so?"

"Say, John," said the officer turning around, "that was John Duffy you were talking to and he wants to know if you have the key with you this morning."

PROFITABLE FARMING.

How attained? Good land, well located, well stocked, well tilled ordinarily brings success. But the Tilling is the important thing to look to. Plow with good plows that turn the furrow just right for the tools that follow after. "Le ROY PLOWS" are the up to date plows that are "easy for man and beast," and do all that plows can be made to do, that are built by men who know how good plows should be built. Plows and extras always on hand at J. J. McCullough, Ypsilanti, Mich.

GODD LUCK FOR A. E. CAMP

A clipping from a Spokane paper contains the following dispatch from Pierce, Idaho:

"Another discovery made last fall the nature of which has just leaked out situated about four miles north of town and promises to have a bearing on the future mining industry of this camp. It is gold and platinum, and was discovered by A. E. Camp, who kept his own counsel and traced the dike for a distance of eight claims. This dike in several places shows a width of 100 feet or more and carries gold and platinum value of $4 to $24 at different points sampled."

Mr. Camp was formerly a well known resident here and his family still live in the city.

WORST OF ALL EXPERIENCES.

Can anything be worse than to feel that every minute will be your last? Such was the experience of Mrs. S. H. Newson, Decatur, Ala. "For three years," she writes, "I endured insufferable pain from indigestion, stomach and bowel trouble. Death seemed inevitable when doctors and all remedies failed. At length I was induced to try Electric Bitters and the result was miraculous. I improved at once and now I'm completely recovered." For Liver. Kidney, Stomach and Bowel troubles Electric Bitters is the only medicine. Only 50 cents. It's guaranteed by Duane Spalsbury and Smith Bros., druggists.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

GLEANINGS.

The number of opium smokers in the United States is estimated at 1,000,000.

Leather waste is now being used in a compressed form for cogwheels in place of cast iron.

Cuba's two principal export woods are mahogany and cedar. Good mahogany lands may still be bought on the south coast at a low figure, but the price is steadily advancing.

Timber and lumber costing $2,000,000 have been used in the preparatory work in the New York rapid transit tunnel. After it has been taken out of the tunnel it is of no further use except for firewood, the dampness and mud spoiling it for anything else.

HORSE MARKS.

A white eye is a glass eye.

A white stripe in the face is a blaze.

A white spot in the forehead is a star.

A stripe between the nostrils is a snip.

A face white from eye to eye is a bald face.

White around the top of the hoof makes a white coronet.

White below the pastern joint is a white pastern; above the pastern a white leg.—St. Louis Republic.

Burdock Blood Bitters gives a man a clear head, and active brain, a strong vigorous body—makes him fit for the battle of life.

TALES OF CITIES.

Minneapolis is the second largest Scandinavian city.

New York city has more Jews than Jerusalem and London together.

Savings deposits in Chicago banks have passed the $100,000,000 mark. In the past year they have increased more than $22,000,000.

Gardiner, Me., can boast of something that not many municipalities can do—viz, the full records of the town and city governments from the first town officers and the first meeting up to the present time. The old town records are very nicely written and as plain as on the day they were penned.

STATE LINES.

Florida has started the breeding of pelicans. Now let Louisiana breed storks—the states need them.—Birmingham Ledger.

Kansas recovers in short order. The harvest is described as "under way." A month ago it was under water.—Kansas City Star

DRIVEN TO DESPERATION.

Living at an out of the way place, remote from civilization, a family is often driven to desperation in case of accident, resulting in Burns, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, etc. Lay in a supply of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's the best on earth. 25c at Duane Spalsbury and Smith Bros., druggists.

LAW POINTS.

The practice of osteopathy is held, in Bragg versus State (Ala.), 58 L. R. A. 925, to be a practice of medicine within the meaning of the statute requiring a license to engage in such practice.

The imposition of a license tax upon vehicles used upon the streets of a city, which is to be expended in maintaining such streets, is held, in Fort Smith versus Scruggs (Ark.), 58 L. R. A. 921, to be constitutional.

A statute providing for the taxation "of all property" is held, in Hart versus Smith (Ind.), 58 L. R. A. 949, not to cover the good will of a business where it is not mentioned in the section defining the class of property to which it would properly belong.

A POPULAR WEDDING TRIP

Is to take the D. & B. and D. & C. Line to Mackinac.

If you want a delightful Wedding Trip take one of the new D. & B. steamers to Detroit, thence D. & C. coast line steamers to Mackinac Island. Staterooms and Parlors reserved in advance. Send 2c for pamphlet. Address A. A. Schantz, G. P. T. Mgr., Detroit, Mich.

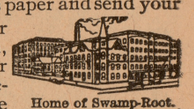
DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, uric acid, catarrh of the bladder and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's **Swamp-Root** is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work and in private practice, and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper, who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root, and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles are sold by all good druggists. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.



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FRANK SMITH'S

CASSIUS CLAY'S DUELS

Noted Kentuckian's Recollections of His Encounters.

BOWIE KNIFE A FAVORITE WEAPON

Desperate Fight With Sam Brown, the Man Selected to Kill Him—Outcome of His Battle With Turner. His Reasons For Caning Dr. Declarey.

As a duelist, always victorious, the late General Cassius Marcellus Clay, minister to Russia under Presidents Lincoln and Johnson, noted abolitionist and author, was said to have been implicated in more encounters and to have killed more men than any other fighter living.

When he was asked not long ago to tell about his first fight he said it was with a rival for the hand of Miss Warfield. When the wedding day of the young woman and the general was approaching the rival, Dr. Declarey, wrote to her family a letter abusing the successful suitor. The general sought him out, with a second, and gave him a cowhiding. Then he sent a challenge, but Declarey, after failing to respond, committed suicide.

He next recalled the case of Tom Marshall. The Clays and the Marshalls had been at feud for a long time. Tom, according to General Clay, would not fight when challenged to do so while they were both fighting against the Mexicans. Instead of agreeing to a duel, Tom jumped into the river and tried to drown himself.

It was during his campaign for congress against Wickliffe that General Clay had his bloodiest encounter, in which his only weapon was a bowie knife. He once told the story to a newspaper man in these words:

"During the campaign Wickliffe introduced my wife's name into one of his speeches. I challenged him and we fired at ten paces. Both of us missed, and I raised my pistol up into the air and demanded a second fire. The seconds would not permit this and we left the grounds without a reconciliation or an apology on either side.

"Well, Wickliffe here had the worst of the fight, and during the canvass for congress I was making a very good opposition to him, much to the disgust of the proslavery party. He had a handbill which he read during his speech. We had our speeches together, and when he brought out this bill I always arose and asked if I might interrupt him. He would politely consent, and I would then say the handbill he had read was untrue and had been proved so.

"The proslavery men got tired of this, and they decided to kill me. They sent for Sam Brown, who was one of the most noted bullies in Kentucky. It is said that he had had forty fights and had never lost a battle. Brown came, and he and Wickliffe, a fellow named Jacob Ashton and Ben Wood, a police bully, held a consultation at which they loaded a pistol which Brown was to use on me the next day. I knew nothing of this, and I had not my dueling pistol with me. I interrupted Wickliffe, as usual, and as I did so Brown struck me with his umbrella and told me that my statement was a lie.

"I saw at once that it meant fight, and, when I recognized Brown I knew it meant a fight to the death. I had a long, sharp bowie knife in the breast of my coat and I jerked this out, but before I could strike, Brown's friends grabbed my arms from behind and hauled me back about fifteen feet from Brown. Brown now pulled his revolver and told them to get out of the way and let him kill me. The crowd got back and I stood alone. Brown had his pistol pointed at me and I started toward him. I could see him looking along the barrel of the revolver. He took aim and waited until he thought I was near enough to give him a sure shot and then fired. I felt the ball strike me in the breast and I thought it had gone through me, and I determined to kill him if I could before I died. I came down on his head with a tremendous blow of the bowie knife, but did not split open the skull. I struck him again and again and stunned him so that he was not able to fire. With one cut of the knife I sliced his nose right in two, so that it separated in the middle, and came out as flat as a pancake. With another blow I cut off his ear so that it hung by a shred, and with a third I put out his eye. The conspirators now seized me and I was struck with hickory sticks and chairs.

"I broke loose from my captors and again made for Brown, and they, to keep him out of my way, picked him up and threw him over a stone fence about seven feet high, and this ended the fight. Though I was the assaulted party, they afterward tried me for mayhem, and at his trial Brown confessed the conspiracy and Henry Clay defended me. Of course I was not convicted."

Although General Clay never traveled without a brace of pistols in his satchel, his favorite weapon was a bowie knife, which he always carried concealed under his coat. During a fight at a political meeting once he was stabbed in the lung. He drew his bowie knife and rushed upon a man named Turner, who had been responsible for the outbreak. The crowd got out of his way and he found a clear path to the man who had incited the riot. With a shout of anger, he plunged the knife into the man's abdomen, and then, exclaiming "I die for my country," he fell fainting to the floor. He was carried home, and for many days hung between life and death. Upon the day that he was able for the first time to leave his bed the man whom he had stabbed died.

MUNICIPAL REFORMS SPRING FROM THE CRADLE

By Rev. Dr. LYMAN ABBOTT

MUNICIPAL problems are only one phase of the great problem of human life. That life is a struggle has long been taught by religion and has recently been reaffirmed by science. From THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE we are engaged in it—a struggle in the individual between the higher and the lower, the animal and the spiritual, the sensuous and the supersensuous.

What are we going to do? It is clear that this is a battle not to be won merely by voting, nor even chiefly by voting. It is to be won BY LESSONS TAUGHT AND LEARNED IN THE HOME. It is to be won by mothers teaching their children patriotism and purity and truth and honor. It is taught by the influences that are more potent than political power. It is to be won by ideals which we hold ourselves and foster and inspire in others. It is to be won by the work of the minister—not by his preaching on trusts and strikes when they are being discussed by the newspapers, not by doing the work that belongs to the press—not that—but by recognizing the fact that religion is to do justly, to love mercy, to walk humbly with God; by recognizing the fact that our prayer is not an idle one, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;" by so preaching and so ministering as to fit men and women to live noble lives. If the ministers can do this we can leave problems concerning the celestial city for a little while. We shall be ready for it when the time comes. WE WILL BE BUILDING A CELESTIAL CITY ON EARTH.

For the battle is not to be won by politics, which is a mere method of life, but by life itself. It is to be won by the recognition by us of the truth that we are in this world not for pleasure, not for wealth, not for any subsidiary thing; that we are here as our Master was here, to love and to serve; that we are here to fight the battle so long as God shall give us life; that we are here so to live that when at last the end shall come we can look back upon our city life and say not I was a millionaire, not I had a good time, not I was in society, but I FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT AND I KEPT THE FAITH.

THE TYRANNY OF THE DOLLAR IN THE UNITED STATES

By Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL of the City Temple, London, England.

MY impressions of the people here as I have found them, in public and private, compared with those in England show obvious differences—on the surface. The American people are less somber than the English. The "LOWER CLASSES," as we should call them, are MORE AMBITIOUS. The standard of comfort is higher.

American working people are CLEANER and tidier in their appearance and somewhat more refined in their manners than the toilers of the old country.

On the other hand, their independence seems here sometimes to express itself in positive rudeness. On the whole you are LESS POLITE than we.

CULTIVATED PEOPLE IN ENGLAND SEEM TO ME TO HAVE MORE DIGNITY THAN AMERICANS.

I observe here a tendency to MEASURE the worth of everything BY DOLLARS, though signs are not wanting that this materialistic spirit is giving way to a better one—as, for example, in the renaissance of enthusiasm for art and letters, an enthusiasm which is not simply utilitarian.

The greatest evil of this country is THE TYRANNY OF THE DOLLAR. It seems to me a menace to your well being that charges of corruption should be so frequent against your public men, especially IN MUNICIPAL POLITICS.

This is somewhat difficult for an Englishman to understand. We exact a high standard of character from those who serve us in all branches of our public life. Our public men are drawn from the best classes of society and do not expect to make a profit out of their public work. Unless your newspapers are guilty of gross and constant exaggeration this is not at all the case with you.

CURSES OF SOCIETY—GAMBLING AND DIVORCE

By President JAMES B. ANGELL of the University of Michigan

CERTAIN customs which are rapidly gaining ground among women in what are called the higher social circles demand a vigorous effort on the part of intelligent and high minded women to secure the elimination of the element of GAMBLING from amusements and games innocent in themselves.

Furthermore, we have a right to expect from educated women pronounced condemnation rather than indulgent views of the rapidly growing practice, for which both sexes are guiltily responsible, of procuring under loose laws, laxly administered, DIVORCES ON TRIVIAL GROUNDS or by COLLUSION and of contracting subsequent marriages with unseemly haste.

In some quarters and in what calls itself our best society the renunciation of the solemn marriage vow on slight pretexts and the playing of games for stakes by women in private parlors are treated with a LEVITY and publicly discussed with an INDIFFERENCE which recalls the declining days of the Roman empire.

The purity of domestic life, the sanctity of the home, the very foundation of society, are imperiled by these abuses. The educated and high minded woman should by word and by example SOUND THE ALARM concerning them with no doubtful or hesitating voice.

THE HERO OF OREGON'S FLOOD

How Brave Leslie Matlock Risked His Life to Save Others.

Had it not been for the heroism of Leslie Matlock the loss of life in the recent floods which overwhelmed the towns of Heppner, Lexington and Ione, in Oregon, appalling as it was, would have been much greater.

Like a second Johnstown hero, he dashed on horseback through the main streets of those places, shouting warning to the inhabitants, many of whom heeded his cries in time to reach points of safety. He was in the gulch above Heppner when the gigantic downpour began the flood. The tons of water fell with such terrifying force that the young man immediately realized the peril to the valley towns and also saw his own chance of escape depended on the speed of his broncho.

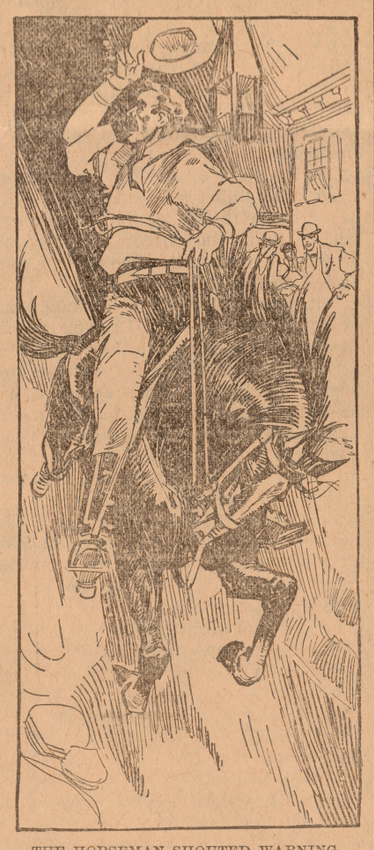
Ere he had gone many rods the roar of the torrent behind him told him the pursuing monster was traveling faster than the flying animal on whose swiftness and endurance not only his own life, but those of thousands then in fancied security depended. Glancing back, he saw a high wall of water sweeping from the higher lands, gaining on him in every furlong.

As Matlock flashed through Heppner's main street, shouting hoarsely and pointing back at the rushing torrent, his words were unintelligible, save to a few who heard the dread monosyllable, "Flood!"

That was enough for the quick thinkers—that and the sight of horse and horseman. Waiting for nothing more, they hurried to the highest spots they could hope to reach. Scores even of those who heard and fled failed to escape, but many more were saved by the gallant rider and his no less plucky broncho.

It was the same in Lexington, except that the courier of death and destruction had gained a little on the fearful flood he heralded. Massing of the flood swept houses into temporary dams and a slight elevation that helped to form a lake held back the onrush of water for a few minutes, long enough for Matlock to send nearly everybody in the second town flying to safety.

On through the menaced country to Ione the young man rode. The broncho staggered in that last terrible stretch, but most of its killing task was over. Matlock reeled in his seat as he dashed into the third settlement and raised one last shout that stopped business and mirth in the little town as would the crack of doom. Strong hands



THE HORSEMAN SHOUTED WARNING.

caught the rider as he fell from his horse. "Flood!" was all he could utter.

When he recovered he told the townsfolk they had perhaps a quarter of an hour in which to make the hills. Fire bells were rung, and all the inhabitants hastened to the main street. There in a few words the mayor repeated the warning. A moment later the entire community was rushing to high ground. It is believed Matlock's bravery saved the lives of all in Ione. At any rate, none has been reported missing from that place, although fifteen minutes after his arrival it was overwhelmed by the torrent.

Apache Kid, the Human Bloodhound.

One of the most skilled of all trailers was Apache Kid, the celebrated Indian outlaw who was supposed to have been killed by a white scout named Clark, but who is said to have recently reappeared among the Yaqui Indians in Mexico. The Kid trailed all his white victims, as it was his favorite method of operation to shoot from behind. He would follow a trail for weeks, sometimes keeping his victim in sight for days, but being unseen himself, until a favorable opportunity arrived for striking. Not only was he one of the most expert trailers of men that ever lived, but he was also expert in throwing white men off the scent. He covered his tracks with the skill of a fox, and time and again, owing to his devilish ingenuity in this regard, he escaped when escape seemed impossible. It would have taken one of his own tribesmen to have successfully trailed Apache Kid.

Hump Back

SCOTT'S EMULSION won't make a hump back straight, neither will it make a short leg long, but it feeds soft bone and heals diseased bone and is among the few genuine means of recovery in rickets and bone consumption.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
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Last Poem by Leo XIII.

The English papers print Pope Leo's latest poem, written during his illness, of which only a couple of lines have appeared in the United States, says the New York Tribune. It is in Latin, and is entitled "Nocturna Ingemiscentis Animæ Meditatio" (Night Thoughts of a Sighing Soul), and the English translation is roughly as follows:

The fateful hour is hastening on, Leo;
'tis time now to depart and to tread
the way of eternity according to thy
deserts.
What fate may await thee? The gifts
conferred on thee by God's bounty
or the supreme keys, that heavy
charge borne by thee so many years,
will bid thee hope for heaven.
Think on this with sighs, for he who
stands pre-eminent in honor among
the peoples, unhappy man, will be
punished the more sharply.
But then a sweet vision aids the trembling soul and a sweeter voice sounds
in converse with it.
Why does such fear oppress thee, and
why, recalling thy whole past life in
order, dost thou cherish sadness in
thy heart?
Christ is at hand in pity. If thou be
humble and ask forgiveness (oh, trust
him!) he will wipe out every sin.

Chicago's New Journals.

The University of Chicago is about to add two new periodicals to its publication department. One is modern philology, dealing with modern languages and literature. The other is a Journal of Infectious Diseases, edited by Professor Jorian and Professor Hektoen. The latter journal has a special endowment of $125,000 from Mr. and Mrs. McCormick, whose son died from an infectious disease.

To Build a Statue of Leo XIII.

A colossal statue of Pope Leo XIII. will be erected by subscription on Mount Capieo, near Leo's native town of Carpineto, says a Rome dispatch to the New York American. Ernest Biondi will be the sculptor. Catholics throughout the world have been invited to contribute.

A Wesley Memorial.

The Methodists of Atlanta, Ga., are planning to erect in their city a Wesley memorial church, with a free hospital, medical dispensary, night schools and other institutional features connected with it.

Two of a Kind.

Now returns the gay mosquito,
Like the doctor with his pill.
Every time he gives you poison
He presents a little bill.
—Puck.

Not Ready.

Has she had the baby christened?

Marjorie—Good gracious, no! She hasn't had its photograph taken yet.—Judge.

Feminine.

The trouble with your sex, men say,
Is that 'tis yielding never;
The maids they want love but a day
And those they don't forever.
—New York Times.

A Mute Appeal.

"Mamma," asked young curiosity, "when deaf and dumb people cheer do their fingers get tired?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Generosity.

The man who says he likes to work,
We hold him in affection rare.
We let him do his stint of toil
And likewise offer him our share.
—Washington Star.

An Expert at Both.

Client—I called to see you about a will.

Lawyer—Make or break?—Puck.

"Be Gentle," Etc.

Be gentle with your landlord
In what you say and do.
If you but treat him kindly,
Why, he'll be nice to you.
—Newark Evening News.

Nothing but Money.

He—Worth half a million, isn't he?

She—Yes, but otherwise he's worthless.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Preference.

The summer poet loves to sing
Of breezes that so lightly blow,
But the electric fan's the thing;
It's more reliable, you know.
—Washington Star.

Encouraging Him.

Fond Mamma—Daughter, why did you turn the gas out while young Dotoburn was calling on you last evening?

Daughter—Didn't you tell me to encourage him all I could?—Baltimore American.

A Difficulty.

"'Tis sad," exclaimed the man of note,
"How these dilemmas fret me,
For if I talk they will misquote;
If silent, they'll forget me."
—Washington Star.

His Word to the Judge.

"Guilty or innocent?" replied the judge.

"Oh, go 'long, jedge!" replied the prisoner. "Des gimme five years en go home!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Power of Words.

"What does your wife say when you come home late?"

"Say, do you expect me to reel off a three volume serial at a moment's notice?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

VARICOCELE

The majority of men have varicocele in the first, second or third stage. In the early stages it may cause many symptoms which the patient may not recognize as arising from this disease. In fact, we have have found on examination, varicocele, present in hundreds of cases where the patient did not know he had it at all. In time it will produce such symptoms as the following: Nervousness, weakness in the back, unsteady limbs, tired and exhausted feeling, pains in the loins, irritation of the bladder and kidneys, sediment and loss in urine, emissions at night with lewd dreams, sexual weakness and decline of manly power—these symptoms gradually develop into NERVOUS DEBILITY and IMPOTENCY. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT WILL POSITIVELY CURE YOU AND IT IS GUARANTEED TO CURE YOU WITHOUT OPERATION. Through its vitalizing influence the wormy veins return to their normal caliber, the circulation of blood improves so the organs are properly nourished, and are restored to strength and vigor; the nerves become strong, ambition and energy replace lassitude and despondency, all drains cease, the eyes become bright, the brain active, and you feel as a man ought to feel in perfect sexual and mental condition.

We Guarantee to Cure or No Pay.

All cases we accept for treatment are taken under a positive guarantee that they are curable or no pay. We refer you to several banks as to our financial responsibility, so you may know we are good for any contracts we make.

Reader Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your Blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. CONSULTATION FREE. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. BOOKS FREE—"The Golden Monitor" (illustrated), on Diseases of Men.

Everything confidential. Question list and cost of Treatment, FREE, for Home Treatment.

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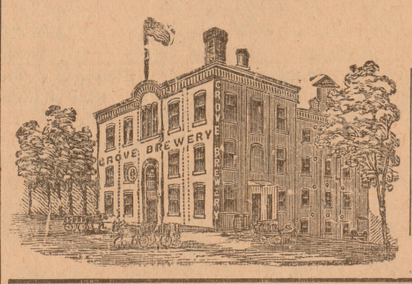

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THE CHICAGO POST, Chicago, Ill.

PALATIAL OCEAN LINER.

Striking Features of the Kaiser Wilhelm II.

All passengers on the latest marine phenomenon, the Kaiser Wilhelm II., which recently arrived at Hoboken, N. J., were enthusiastic about the new steamship, her comfort, the comparative freedom from motion and the beauty of the furnishings, says the New York Tribune. The predominating color to the decoration is a bluish green. Some of the striking features which attracted casual attention and gave an impression of the thoroughness with which everything has been done were the use of small tables in the dining saloon instead of long tables and an open air cafe on the after boat deck, probably suggested by the open air cafes of Europe. Another feature is the electric hair curlers, which are automatically prevented from becoming overheated. They are found in all the rooms.

There could be no doubt that Emperor William was the person after whom the boat was named, for there are portraits of him in oil and bas-relief to be seen in many parts of the ship.

Of her interior features, all of which are luxurious, harmoniously and restfully artistic, spacious, up to date and beautiful, the most impressive to the landsman is the great light well extending from the saloon dining room on the main deck up through the upper, the lower promenade, the upper promenade and the awning decks to the sunlight. Little balconies extend out from the upper deck over the well, revealing most of the dining saloon, which is decorated in white and blue, with oil paintings on the ceiling. Of her mechanical features the most wonderful thing of all is the absence of vibration. The imperial apartment is furnished after Emperor William's own suit on board his yacht. The apartment costs $2,000 for a trip. The suit consists of three small rooms—a breakfast room, a drawing room and a bedroom, with bath and toilet room adjoining—and the appointments throughout are luxurious enough for a queen.

The women's cafe is a large, well lighted room with walls, columns and ceiling richly carved and decorated with paintings. Small round tables and chairs are arranged in a manner to promote sociability. Here coffee, chocolate, lemonade and other thirst quenchers are passed out in tempting style. There is no smoking allowed. If a fair passenger would puff a fragrant cigarette, she must go to the general smoking room and cafe on the hurricane deck.

LEO'S APPEAL TO CHRIST.

Poem In Which Late Pontiff Regretted Evils of Past Ages.

[By Pope Leo XIII., rendered into English by Andrew Lang.]

Renowned in letters, famed in art,
The age recedes; of many a thing
Won for man's good from nature's heart
Who will may sing.

The glories of the faded years
I rather, backward glancing, mourn—
The deeds ill done, the wrongs, the tears
Of the age outworn.

Red wars that reeked with the blood of man,
Wide wandering license, scepters rent,
Fierce guile that threats the Vatican—
These I lament.

Where is thy glory, stainless, free,
City of cities, queenly Rome?
Ages and nations kneeled to thee,
The pontiffs' home.

Woe for a time of godless laws!
What faith, what loyalty abides?
Torn from the shrines, the ancient cause
To ruin glides.

Listen! How science wildly raves
Around the altars overthrown.
Brute Nature, with the world for slaves,
Is God alone!

Not made in God's own image now
Is man—'tis thus the wise dispute—
But sprung from one same cell, they vow,
Are man and brute.

O blinded pride on chaos hurled!
O night proclaimed where light should be,
Obey thou him who rules the world,
Man, and be free!

He only is the Truth, the Life;
He only points the heavenward way;
He only frees the soul from strife
If men obey.

'Twas he who led the pious throng
But now to Peter's dust divine;
Of faith to live through ages long,
No empty sign!

Jesus, the Judge of years to be,
Direct the tides, the tempest still
And make the rebellious people free
To work thy will.

Sow thou the seeds of happy peace;
All evil drive from us afar
And bid the rage and tumult cease
Of hateful war.

The minds of kings and peoples mold;
Thy word may all enjoy with awe.
But there one Shepherd and one fold,
One faith, one law.

My course is run; long ninety years
Thy gifts are mine; thy grace retain;
Let not thy servant's prayers and tears
Be poured in vain.

PAID TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

We have spent over twenty-five years paying for space to talk about Scott's Emulsion as a great help to the consumptive for all throat and lung trouble, as an unrivalled flesh builder, and as a tonic for weak children.

Constipation

Does your head ache? Pain back of your eyes? Bad taste in your mouth? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, headache, dyspepsia.

25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers
50 CTS. OF DRUGGISTS, OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N.H.

A Rocking Shrine.

The most wonderful temple in the world is built on a rocking stone on the summit of a mountain in northern India which is over 20,000 feet high. The rock weighs many thousands of tons, but is balanced on so fine a point that a comparatively light pressure is sufficient to make it sway. Hindoo priests teach their followers that this rock was placed in position by the help of the gods, and thus they add considerably to the feeling of awe which they desire to create.

Worshipers at this shrine must first make a perilous ascent of the mountain. Then they spend seven days of preparation in a temple built on the solid mountain before they are permitted to make the final passage to the mysterious rocking stone. To reach this it is necessary to cross a bridge over a great chasm, for nature and man have combined to make this Hindoo shrine difficult of access. After crossing the bridge the pilgrim mounts a ladder, to which he clings in terror for his life here and in the hereafter. The temple on the rock is necessarily small. Three priests officiate there, but its mysteries no man is permitted to reveal. Europeans have seen it only from a distance.

The Human Body.

The blood, muscles, bones and other parts of the human body are composed of many chemical constituents, and a correct chemical analysis would be long and tedious. The specific gravity of the blood is 1,028, and 779 parts of every 1,000 are water. Of the other parts chloride of sodium, chloride potassium, carbonate magnesia, calcium phosphate, calcium lactate, potassium phosphate, sodium carbonate and other constituents are found. This is generally true, with variations also, of tissues and bone. The fundamental substance of bone is composed of organic matter, combined with various inorganic salts, in which calcium phosphate largely predominates. In addition the bones contain calcium carbonate, calcium fluoride, magnesium phosphate, sodium phosphate and sodium chloride.

Buttoning a Coat.

Buttoning a man's coat from right to left was the original way, when our ancestors, wrapped in skins, held the right edge with the left hand and naturally inserted a fastening thorn with the right hand. This right to left custom has been retained by the Hebrew priests in their garb to this day. When fighting men became necessary and swords and knives had to be drawn by the right hand from the left side, the edge of the coat, buttoned from right to left, was found to be in the way, and men began buttoning from the left. Nonfighting women and priests continue to follow the old custom.

Jewels on an Idol.

The jewels of an Indian idol must be worth stealing if many of those remarkably hideous images possess such valuable head ornaments as one made for the idol Parthasathy, in the Triplicane temple at Madras. The ornament is worth some 50,000 rupees and is made of sovereign gold, studded with diamonds, emeralds and rubies, the largest emerald being valued at 1,000 rupees and the biggest ruby and diamond at 300 rupees apiece.

Keep Moving.

The heavens themselves run continually round; the world is never still; the sun travels to the east and to the west; the moon is ever changing in its course; the stars and planets have their constant motions; the air we breathe is continually agitated by the wind, and the waters never cease to ebb and flow, doubtless for the purpose of their conservation and to teach us that we should ever be in action.—Burton.

A Contrast In Lungs.

Three human lungs lie next one another in the anatomical museum at Edinburgh university. The first is that of an Eskimo and is snow white. In life this would, of course, be ruddy from the presence of blood. The third is that of a coal miner and is coal black. The intermediate one is that of a town dweller and is a dirty slate gray, as are the lungs of all dwellers in cities at this moment.

An Ill Chosen Song.

In order to make him forget his domestic troubles, which were driving him to suicide, some friends of Herr Gustav Krautwinkel arranged a cheerful evening at a restaurant in Berlin. Unfortunately, one of the party began to sing a song entitled "Lost Happiness." Hardly was the first verse finished when Herr Krautwinkel jumped up, pulled a revolver from his pocket and shot himself.

Festal Gifts In Spain.

It is the custom in Madrid for friends and acquaintances to send presents of bonbons on birthdays, name days and festivals. A large silver tray is piled with sweets of various kinds, with a cake made of eggs in the center. This is often surmounted with a silk flag or a pretty porcelain figure. Well known people receive as many as fifty of these trays on their birth and name days.

The First Ship Monopoly.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "a man gits abused jes' foh habbin' mo' prudence dan yuthuh folks. I specks dat Noah's wicked neighbors had a heap to say agin his ship monopoly aftuh de rain sot in good an' steady."—Washington Star.

Some people are so conscientious about loving their enemies that if they haven't any they are perfectly willing to make a few.—Philadelphia Record.

THE C. O. D. MAN

He Tells How He Caused a Strike and Then Called It Off.

"IN my wanderings over the land as a dilapidated gentleman I have of course met up with all phases of human nature," said the C. O. D. man as he pocketed his quarter and settled down for a talk. "I can't say much for it in general. I have found nine-tenths of the people selfish to a degree, and rarely have I found anything like sympathy. The fact seems to be that everybody, from the tramp up, is on the make.

"I was thinking the other day of a little incident that occurred to me in Pennsylvania two or three years ago. As I entered the gate of a farmyard the well caved in on the farmer who was digging it. The beams and boards went over him in such a way as to prevent his being smothered, but at the same time held him fast. There was no one around but his wife, who had just got off a sick bed, and the nearest house was two miles away. I didn't lose any time going after help. I got a shovel and began digging, and it took five hours of the hardest kind of work to release the imprisoned man. The first thing he did was to fall upon my neck and offer me half his possessions. His grateful expressions continued for half an hour, and then we sat down to a very plain supper, and he began to cool off. By the time we were through he said to me:

"'You dug me out, of course, but I was in no great danger and could have waited until tomorrow. I want you to know that I appreciate your work, but I do think you ought to pay me at least 10 cents extra for this supper.'

"I had the money, and I paid and left. He offered to let me sleep in the cow shed and furnish breakfast at a reasonable figure, but I thought it best to jog on.

"At another time, in Ohio, a farmer's team ran away and threw him out, and he broke his leg. I caught the horses, got him into the wagon and drove him home. Then I went for the doctor, drove to the village druggist and sat up with the patient all night. He was profuse in his thanks, telling me that I should have a home with him for a year, but when I had fed the stock and milked the cows next morning and was ready to tackle the wood pile he called me in and said:

"'I have been thinking things over, and I guess you'd better move on. Provisions are very high this fall, and my wife says you have a monstrous appetite. Here's 15 cents, and I hope you will go into some business and quit tramping.'

"It was a bit tough on me," smiled the C. O. D. man, "but no more than I might have expected. I walked off without taking his money, and he did not call me back.

"It was in Indiana that I applied to a factory one day for work, having had enough of the highway for awhile. The

THE WELL CAVED IN ON THE FARMER WHO WAS DIGGING IT.

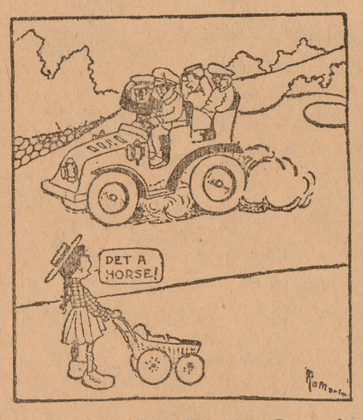
owner of the works was a fat, pompous man, who imagined himself greater than the president, and though I spoke to him civilly enough he gave me a blessing for daring to speak at all and ordered me off the premises. I couldn't go fast enough to please him, or didn't, and as he happened to be a justice of the peace as well as a capitalist he had me arrested as a vagrant and sent me to jail for twenty days.

"The jailer was a decent man, and I got along all right, but I felt it my duty to get even with Old Pomposity. He had 340 men in his shop, and they were working only nine hours and had good pay. There was nothing whatever for one to kick about, but as soon as I got my liberty I started a little scheme. I got hold of a crowd of about twenty in a saloon after working hours and broached the subject of eight hours a day and 10 per cent more wages. They all smiled at first, but it wasn't long before some of them were growling. Next day at noon I made a little speech at the gate, and I followed that by another little speech at night.

"I made out that Old Pomposity was draining the lifeblood of his workmen to enrich himself and that they had no right to call themselves free men while toiling like slaves. There are certain stock arguments, the same as there are certain stock soups, and the man who uses them will always find listeners and believers. I created a feeling of discontent within twenty-four hours, and within forty-eight hours there was a strike on that took every man out of the works. It was a surprise and a hard blow to the owner. He had me arrested for inciting trouble, but a lawyer who was down on him took my case for nothing and carried me through. Then he fell back upon vagrancy, but I had $10 in cash, and it wouldn't hold again. He had a constable threaten me in order to drive me away, but I didn't scare.

"The old chap didn't give in until he saw there was no other way for him. Then he sent for me and offered me $50 to get the men back into the shop. They had been out a week when he made the offer and were beginning to realize that they had been too hasty. I divided the money between two saloons and a local charity and called another meeting. There are stock arguments to bring on a strike and others to call it off. I didn't take anything back about slavery, the rich growing richer, the poor poorer, capital grinding labor into the dust, etc., but I praised the workmen for having shown the world that they could not be treated like black men in the cotton fields and advised them to return to their tools. Next morning the works were running full handed again, and I started out to meet with further adventures. I believe I could have kept those men out for a month, but having got even with Old Pomposity I had nothing further to gain. He was at the factory gate as I passed it, and such was the change in him that he even waved me a farewell." M. QUAD.

Advice.



—New York Evening Journal.

A Theological Poser.

An eminent divine, discussing the labor question with a friend, had an interested listener in his little boy. During a pause in the conversation the child said earnestly:

"I suppose, father, that even God has to have workmen to help him to do all he has to do. Are the angels God's workmen?"

The minister, smiling at the child's serious interest in the great question of the day, laid his hand kindly on his son's head and said, "I think they are, my son."

"Father," said the boy, "do you suppose that the angels ever strike?"—New York Times.

On the Safe Side.

Uncle Primus, carrying an armful of groceries, stood outside the gate watching cautiously the movements of two or three yard dogs on the inside. The lady of the house appeared on the front gallery and said: "Come in, Uncle Primus; come in. The dogs won't bite you."

With a broad grin lighting up his cheerful face, Uncle Primus replied, "I knows dey won't bite me, missus, 'cause I sho' ain't comin' in."—Lippincott's Magazine.

An Illustrated Lesson.

"You must never mock anybody, Bobbie."

"Why not, ma?"

"Because it's very naughty, and mockers always get themselves into serious trouble."

"They get eated, don't they?"

"Why, what put such an idea into your head?"

"'Cause we had mock turtle for dinner last night, ma."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Most Annoying.

Tess—Yes, my engagement ring is lovely, but the jeweler's name isn't on the box it came in.

Jess—That doesn't signify that it isn't a genuine diamond or—

Tess—Of course not. But if I don't know the jeweler's name how am I to find out how much George paid for it?—Philadelphia Press.

Certainly Not!

Laura—I was telling Miss Newrich about those pretty, cheap washable suits and advising her to get one, but she got angry.

Flora—Why?

"Well, I said they were such pretty 'tub suits,' and she informed me that she wasn't a washerwoman!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Not a Gift.

"She has the fatal gift of beauty."

"Oh, it's not a gift."

"No?"

"Not in her case. It's a purchase."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Taking No Chances.

"Now, Georgie, if you don't eat your soup you can't have any pie."

"What kind of pie is it?"—Chicago American.

The Popular Cupid.

On the golf links he's a goose,
Hoofs at tennis like a moose,
At bridge whist his head is never on the level.
On the beach he looks a guy,
In the ballroom he is shy,
But he runs a big Panhard to beat the devil.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

House of Death

A Strange Curse Seems to Hang Over a Dwelling In Paris.

All Who Enter It Are Doomed to Perish In Some Horrible Form—An Inexplicable Mystery.

At two separate sessions of the National Society For Psychical Research the weird happenings that have taken place in the house 59 Rue Boileau, Paris, have come in for a good deal of discussion. The society has vainly tried to demonstrate that the many calamities that have occurred there are the result of simple and natural causes, yet the mere mention of the house sends a thrill of horror through all who are acquainted with its grewsome history.

No. 59 Rue Boileau is a novelty in the way of a haunted house, as it has no

NEAR BY WAS A MAN, ALSO DEAD.

traditions and no history over a year old, but the history it has crowded into a year is something frightful to contemplate.

The building of the house occupied about five months. While the construction was in progress no accident happened or no injury of any sort to a workman. Yet fatality followed fatality from the day the house was finished. It is the custom in France for the building trades to hoist a little cedar tree above the roof of a house as soon as it is finished, just as in some cities of the United States a broom is fastened upright on similar occasions. The boss builder climbed to the peak of the roof and was in the act of hammering the trunk of the "bouquet" when his foot slipped. He slid down the steep incline and fell headlong to the street below. He was dead when his comrades reached him.

That same night two homeless men sought shelter from the cold in the new building. They were found there dead the next morning, suffocated by the fumes from the charcoal fire they had built in the kitchen. A few hours after the discovery of the dead tramps the owner of the house made an inspection of the premises. On his way to the cellar he fell down the stairs and broke his neck. Three policemen entered the cellar to carry out the body. A heated argument ensued between two of them as to the supernatural character of the calamities. From words they proceeded to blows, and one of the guardians of the peace was fatally stabbed.

Attracted by the extraordinary series of fatalities the juge de paix (justice of the peace) of the ward visited the house the same afternoon accompanied by his secretary. The latter had an apoplectic stroke and expired just as he was being carried across the sill of the front door into the street.

At the urgent request of the dead owner's family the police promised not to inform the newspapers, at least for the present, of the sinister string of episodes of which the new building had been the scene. The neighborhood, however, was soon discussing the matter with bated breath and in all that quarter of the city there was perhaps no one who was not aware of the brief but tragic history of "the fatal house."

It remained closed for two weeks, but even that fact did not put a stop to the fearful happenings. One day—it was less than a week after the sudden death of the municipal functionary's secretary—the house agent who had the property to rent was visited at his office by a well dressed man and woman, who made inquiries about a number of houses for rent and then asked for the keys of the "one in the Rue Boileau." The agent felt it his duty to inform the man of the "unlucky reputation" of the place.

"Oh, we're not superstitious, my wife and I," replied the visitor, "and since you offer us the house for such a small rent a little thing like an accident or two would not affect us."

The agent waited late at his office that night, but the keys of the mysterious building were not returned to him. Then he notified the police of his fears. Two gendarmes were sent off in hot haste to 59 Rue Boileau. They found the front door unlocked. In a second story room one of them stumbled over something lying on the floor. By the light of their lantern they saw it was the body of a woman. Near by was a man, also dead. In the man's hand was clutched a note addressed to the police. It stated that he and his companion had been resolved to commit suicide and that was why they had borrowed the keys and come to the house.

From that time on the accursed house became the favorite resort of persons anxious to die. Though the agent refused to surrender the keys to persons pretending to want to rent the property, calamities went on happening there just the same.

A policeman remained on that post for about six months, during which time no human beings entered the building, and, naturally, no disasters occurred. Then people began to forget about the fated house, and different floors were rented out in apartments to families from other cities or from distant parts of Paris. In less than a month an entirely new series of fatal accidents had resulted.

A child's nurse let a baby fall from a third story window. The following day the nurse killed herself by taking poison. An old woman living in a ground floor apartment was robbed and murdered. A plumber who had been called in to repair a leak in the water pipes was fatally scalded by upsetting upon his face his molten solder.

These are only some of the fatalities, but there are also one or two others that would seem to indicate that the place puts its terrible seal on persons who have been connected with it. For instance, the father of the child that was killed by falling from a window moved with his wife from Rue Boileau the following day. Two days later he himself was run over and killed in the street. Two boys who lived in the fatal house were drowned while bathing in the Seine. A man and his wife who had just furnished an apartment there were killed in a railroad accident on their wedding trip.

CHARGED BY A RHINOCEROS

An English Explorer's Exciting Adventure In the Wilds of Africa.

Mr. A. Arkell-Hardwick, F. R. G. S., the famous English explorer, now in London, recently described an exciting encounter with a rhinoceros while in Gallaland, Africa, in 1900.

Mr. Arkell was marching at the head of his caravan when he noticed a great commotion behind him. A rhino had charged the rear of the caravan, and the men, dropping their loads, scattered over the plain. He tells this story:

My servant had fled with the others and taken with him my cartridge bag containing my spare ammunition. I was carrying a sporting rifle, and, as it happened, there were six cartridges in the magazine, but unfortunately they were soft nosed bullets and only intended for soft skinned game. However, as there was nothing else for it, I determined to do the best I could with the inadequate means at my disposal.

THE RHINOCEROS CHARGED.

Cautiously approaching to within fifty yards of the angry beast, I gave him a bullet behind the shoulder, but did not succeed in disabling him. Round he came like an angry cat and charged me head down and ears and tail erect. There was absolutely no cover, so I ran about twenty yards and then turned sharply to the right, hoping he would pass me, but the beast had fairly got my wind and meant business. The only safe course now was to try to stop him with the rifle, so, kneeling down, I worked my magazine as rapidly as possible, taking care, however, to aim carefully. In less than ten seconds I put five bullets into the brute, hitting him every time, as I could see the dust spurt from his hide in little puffs wherever he was struck. Fortunately the fifth shot turned him, and as he swerved I gave him my sixth and last cartridge in the flank, which hastened his departure, and he finally disappeared over a rise in the ground a mile away, still going strong.

THE SENTINEL-COMMERCIAL

ISSUED ON THURSDAY.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1903.

PERSONAL INJURY LITIGATION.

As the thoughtful person reads the daily papers he cannot help but be impressed with the great and constantly increasing amount of personal injury litigation. Our people are wont at times to charge this up to certain lawyers who watch the reports of injuries and advise persons so injured to begin suit, for the profit of the lawyers. But the number who win their cases furnish evidence that the extraordinary increase in this kind of litigation cannot be accounted for entirely or largely on this hypothesis. The fact is that we as a people, in the pursuit of commercial gain and even pleasure are extraordinarily careless of human life. This is not only true of private corporations fired with the greed for riches which leads to a disregard of the proper safeguards of life and limb, but of public corporations and rich people on pleasure bent with their automobiles. We as a people are reckless of chances so long as by taking every conceivable chance and risk we can make another dollar, or make a little higher record for speed. It is not surprising, therefore, that those who represent the injured, the maimed or the killed. seek reparation in the courts. Statistics are constantly being published showing the appalling number of injuries and deaths from our careless ways of handling dangerous machinery, agents, etc. Some recent statistics brought out before the Illinois Bar association, in an address by Mr. Charles H. Hamill and quoted in the Chicago Evening Post are to the point. He shows "that in the State of Illinois for the year ending June 30, 1901, by the steam railroads alone there were injured 2,694 persons and killed 739. During the year 1900 there were killed in Chicago alone, by railroads 330 persons, by machinery 20, by falling bodies 14, by explosions 10, by unclassified accidents 109. According to the twelfth census, 1900, the deaths by accident in Chicago were 506, or 2.97 per 10,000 of the population."

With such information at hand, who can wonder at the great and growing amount of personal injury litigation constantly finding its way into the courts? Who can doubt the criminal carelessness of our people in such matters? It would probably be much cheaper for railway corporations, manufacturing plants and cities to use every known device to secure the highest degree of safety than to pay the damages they are forced to from time to time for killing and maiming human beings. They conduct business in these lines better in England and on the continent than we do. They spend more to protect people from injury and as a consequence they have fewer maimings and deaths from such causes. It is time public sentiment was aroused on this subject and crystalized into legislation that will throw more protection around human life.

Grade separation in Ann Arbor is a move in this direction.

The state of Alabama under its new constitution seems to have gotten the better of the legislature. It has provided in this new constitution that the legislature shall meet but once in four years. The governor is also elected for four years. It seems paradoxical that the people must protect themselves against their own legislature, but such is the case. A session once in four years will prevent the passage of a large amount of worthless legislation. A great trouble is that we legislate too much, too hastily and place upon the statute books a large amount of legislation that is illy digested and worse than none at all. A session once in four years will prevent much of this because of the sheer physical impossibility of passing as much legislation in a single session once in four years as at four annual or two biennial sessions.

Uncle Sam may be forced to again take a hand in Cuba. The Cuban revolutionists who raised the flag of revolt against Spain and maintained it until United States intervention are now in foment against the government of the republic. Apparently, however, those engaged in this effort are the more ignorant and those of criminal instincts who love war for the license it gives rather than because of any patriotic motives.

AMERICAN FAITH IN EDUCATION

In an article under the caption "The American Intellect," Professor Barrett Wendell, in Lord Acton's "Cambridge Modern History" defines America's most prominent characteristic as "superstitions devotion to education." He declares that American "faith in the saving grace of education seems more deeply rooted than even religion itself."

This may not be just the proper way of expressing a fact with which everybody is familiar, but from the point of view of the state it is undoubtedly entirely true. Religious training in America is very properly left to the individual and the state does not meddle with this training of its subjects. Nevertheless religious faith is a deep rooted growth throughout our civilization. Our secular education is built upon that kind of a foundation and undoubtedly that is a reason of the great faith of many in public education. And this faith is unquestionably well founded. Public education has probably had more to do with the development and promotion of American institutions that any other agency, if not more than all others combined. Without the ennobling influence of education leading to enlightenment and growth and liberality and morality, our institutions could never have withstood the severe tests to which they have been put.

In America there has been and is going on an assimilation of such a heterogeneous mass of humanity as has never before taken place in any country. Public education has been depended upon in the past to Americanize this conglomerate mass of humanity and fashion it for American citizenship. And it has performed its work remarkably well. The strain has been severe and anxious questionings arise from time to time as to the continued ability of our educational institutions to do this work, but all this leads but to more strenuous efforts to put the educational system on a higher plane.

There are probably those among us who look upon education as a sort of patent medicine warranted to cure all social ills, but the number to whom our educational system is become an unintelligent form is not large. We are not always able to see how the grave difficulties which confront us in fashioning the heterogeneous mass constantly coming to us into our own mold and in such moments we are apt to fall back blindly possibly upon education, nevertheless the powers that direct educational matters are generally the most intelligent and alert and high minded of all public agencies. There is advantage in putting the great machinery of education to the keen scrutiny of doubt.

And for the good of our entire civilization there should be and there will be no faltering in our "faith in the saving grace of education." It is to be hoped the time will not come when this faith will degenerate into a superstition, but that it will ever be an intelligent force, seeking always to improve our practice.

MOB LAW.

Danville, Illinois, is the latest community to come to the front with the lynching of a colored man. The mania for burning human beings at the stake seems to be spreading. Our people seem to find a something in the writhings of the burning wretch as he slowly consumes in the flames to satisfy their savage instincts. It is horrible and the brutalizing influence is terrible to contemplate, but it must be acknowledged that this species of savagery is in our people. Nor is it confined to any particular section. The spirit is just as rampant at Danville, Illinois, Evansville, Indiana, and Wilmington, Delaware, as in Texas or Alabama or South Carolina. It is to be said, however, to the everlasting credit of Governor Durbin of Indiana that he prevented the consummation of the murderous impulses of the mob at Evansville. The apparently rapid development of this heathenish spirit is alarming and it ought to arouse every officer of the law to the full performance of his duties, no matter what the consequences may be to the members of the mob. Apparently the only way to take care of these murderers and burners of human beings is by the methods pursued by Gov. Durbin, of Indiana, for no jury seems disposed to mete out justice to the "respectable citizens" who thus indulge their savage instincts. If the mob understood that a similar treatment would be extended to all indulging their disposition to lynch a fellow being, there would be fewer mobs and fewer lynchings.

EDUCATION AND THE MOB SPIRIT.

The fundamental remedy, both for the mobs, on the one hand, and for the offenses which provoke the mobs, on the other, is to be found in a better and more thorough education. The negro offenders upon whom the violence of mobs is visited, come, as a rule from the most ignorant and degraded class. It is not true, as is often asserted, that the criminal class of negroes is largely recruited from the better-instructed half of the race. It is the ignorant class, white and black, that chiefly supplies the violent criminal element; and it is the ignorant class, white and black, that is most easily incited to mob violence. The right kind of education will train the children of the more unfortunate classes of our population, not merely in such arts as reading and writing, but also in sound ideas about work and citizenship. Fortunately, although the actual number of lynchings for some weeks past has been greater than the average, the general trend of our civilization is toward a more lawful and orderly life. Thus, the statistics of lynching for a period of twenty years show that there has been an average decline, and that last year's record was thebest of all in point of the actual number of lynchings. In 1893, there were 200 reported in the United States, and in 1894 there were 190. The decline has not been regular, since 135 were reported for 1901, as against 107 in 1899; but the number for 1902 dropped to 96. The first five months of the present year promised an even more favorable record. It may still turn out that 1903 will not show more than 100 actual lynchings. But the disposition to invoke th emob spirit upon slight provocation has shown itself with usual resklessness this summer and it must be sternly suppressed. In New York, a few weeks ago, a negro criminal shot and killed the agent of an organization which had been instrumental in procuring his arrest. There might readily have been started an anti-negro race riot or a lynching movement; but the evidence in the case was clear, and the district attorney procured an almost instant indictment of the murderer. Trial and conviction followed a few days later. It is a useful thing, in cases of this kind, to show that the machinery of justice can move quickly without any sacrifice of the rights of the individual. There is no such delay in the ordinary administration of justice in any other country as in our own. This is largely the fault of a system which the lawyers as a professional guild have developed, and which the judges as members of that guild do not seem able to remedy, from the very limitations of their professional training. Among remedies to be sought must therefore be included a scientific improvement of the machinery of justice. —From "The Progress of the World," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for August.

THE PRESIDENT'S DUTY DONE.

It is now stated that although Foreman Miller has resumed his position in the government printing office and that the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders has postponed action in the case for thirty days.

According to reports. the civil service commission has made a careful examination into the case of Miller and found him competent and honest and trustworthy and with habits which make him a satisfactory government workman in all ways. If this be true and Miller is in all ways fitted for the work he is engaged in, it will not appear to the mass of people why the government should make any other requirements of him. The laws of the country are superior to the rules of any organization and, when the president has satisfied himself that a man holding a government position is qualified in all ways for the work of the position sought or occupied, that is as far as his duty requires him to go. He might just as reasonably require a government employe to belong to the Baptist church or the Methodist, as to require him to belong to the bookbinders' union. The Chicago Post puts this matter correctly in quoting President Gompers as follows:

"In deciding not to strike at present the Brotherhood is following the wise counsel of President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor. He asserts that the Brotherhood should stand by the President because he is simply enforcing the law. And the Brotherhood will be wise in acknowledging the full force of this statement and in making no further attempt to place the national statutes secondary to the rules and regulations of this organization."

THE BALANCE SHEETS OF KANSAS WHEAT FARMS.

Summer County, on the southern line, and Pawnee County, on the western border, show a marked contrast in the manner of raising wheat. The average wheat farm in Summer is about 300 acres. The population of the county 25,797. In Pawnee, the average wheat farm is about 1,00 acres. The population of the county is 5,680. A Summer County farmer owns all the horses and machinery necessary to the planting of his fields, and he hires but little extra help during the harvest. Wheat land in Sunmmer is worth as high as seventy-five dollars an acre.

The total cost of planting and harvesting for a Summer County wheat farm of 300 acres, taking an actual example of a farm, three miles from a railway station, which was bought in 1884 for $20 an acre, has been planted to wheat every year since, and is now worth $60 an acre, would be, for this year's crop, $1,650.

In Pawnee County, a wheat-raiser may own several thousand acres and not possess a plow, a single harvesting machine, nor any horses. He contracts for all the work, from the time the ground is plowed until the grain is delivered at the elevator. Col. William Scott, who harvested four thousand acres this year, estimated the expense as follows:

Plowing—One dollar per acre..	$ 4 000
Drilling—Twenty-five cents per acre	1 000
Seed—Three pecks per acre...	1 800
Cost of planting	4 000
Heading and stacking, at $1.25 per acre	5 000
Threshing—Twenty bushels per acre, or 80,000 bushels at 6c.	4 800
Hauling, at 4c a bushel	3 200
Cost of crop at market	$19 800

The receipts, on the other hand, may be computed thus:

Eighty thousand bushels at sixty cents	$48,000
Use of fields for grazing during the winter	2,500
	$50,500

From "This Year's Big Wheat Harvest in Kansas," by Philip Eastman, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for August.

ABOVE THE LAW.

The Iron Age of July 25, page 29, contains details of "The Steel Billet Pool." This trust is a revival of the association which has, at intervals, been doing business for many years. The members of this new pool are the United States Steel Corporation, Jones & Laughlin Steel Company, Wheeling Steel and Iron Company, Cambria Steel Company, Pennsylvania Steel Company, Lackawanna Steel Company and Maryland Steel Company. Meetings are held at New York every day, at which inquiries and sales are regularly reported. The agreement refers exclusively to prices, which have been established for the principal points of consumption, and which are quoted in the Iron Age. This trust, like its prototypes, the Steel-rail Pool, the Sheet-steel Association, and dozens of others, with which the United States Steel Corporation is mixed up, are trusts in every sense of the word, not only under the Sherman anti-trust law, but in the eyes of the common law. All the Department has to do is to obtain, in legal manner, the facts as published in regard to all these trusts and the Attorney-General will have no trouble in squelching them. Why are these great law-breakers not now at the bar of justice? Are the trusts above the laws?

It is said that t heIndiana board of pardons has decided not hereafter to make public the pardons and paroles of prisoners. What a fine thing this would be for Michigan. What a cinch that would be for Governor Bliss in getting some "gentlemen" out of Jackson in whom he is supposed to be deeply interested. Of course the public is not interested in these paroles and pardons to the extent that state officers are. These officials want to be reelected and if a prisoner has influencial friends on the outside, who can deliver a good lot of votes, why should they not be rewarded in having their convict firends set at liberty? And this could be done without unpleasant comment so long as the pardons and paroles do not reach the newspapers. Let the Michigan board of pardons and Gov. Bliss get onto the Indiana idea at once.

POSTOFFICE SCANDALS AND PUBLIC OWNERSHIP.

The postoffice scandals have caused many flings at theories of public ownership. If one department reveals such inefficiency and corruption, it is argued, what would follow from government control of other business now in private hands? The Democrats of Iowa have recently declared for government ownership of the natural means of producing certain necessities, which sounds like an echo of the New York Democrats' plank for national ownership of the coal fields, a plank inserted at the time of the anthracite strike and followed by overwhelming defeat. Such principles are hardly likely at present to be much emphasized in a presidential compaign, but, on the other hand, the movement toward municipal ownership has made recent gains. It is to be remembered, by any impartial observer, that two principles are frequently confused. Corruption might spring from operation where it would not spring from ownership. The nation need not necessarily conduct every property which it controls. It might own coal fields, railways, or telegraph lines, and lease them, under conditions which would make the present combinations and extortions impossible, and yet it might have nothing to do with the actual operation. Great leases of this kind would be too public to allow much fraud, and for the little constant corruptions which creep into everything publicly operated, there would be no chance. We are not arguing in favor of public ownership. Indeed, we believe that the safest procedure is to abandon individual initiative only when abuses become intolerable. As public control, however, is to be one of the questions facing us for many years to come, it is well to seee the fallaciousness of thise arguments which attack government ownership by showing flaws in government operations.—Collier's Weekly.

BEYOND THE REACH OF JUSTICE

Before this is read by the readers of the Argus the statute of limitations will have run, and Mr. Perry S. Heath, secretary of the republican national committee and former first assistant postmaster general, and the Lord knows how many more, will be free from danger of indictment on account of anything that may have come or will come out of the present investigation of the postoffice department rottenness. It is the general belief, it is said at Washington, among the people who are "in the know," that Perry Heath was one of the first men spotted by Bristow, and enough crookedness found to bring him to the bar of justice. It also is believed that Hanna then went to see the President and a deal was made whereby Heath's scalp was saved and the party saved the humiliation and degradation of seeing its secretary of its national committee dragged before the bar of justice for boodling. On the last day of July, however, the statute of limitations allows Heath and all others who are not now in the clutches of the law, and who quit the department three years ago, to breath freely and give the people the "hoarse hoot." Thus do some people go unwhipped of justice and the people never will know who are in order to chastise them at the ballot box should they ever ask for office in future. The President has now demanded of Bristow that he get through with the investigation by the first of September. In other words, the thing must be out of the way before congress convenes, and any man who is not caught by that time will go free.

King Edward VII has made a visit to Ireland and returned to London without being insulted. Indeed he and his queen seem to have been everywhere received with favor and genuine good feeling. The Irish are a warm hearted people and they feel at the present time that there is a disposition as shown in the land bill recently passed through the house of commons to extend to them a measure of justice for which they have been asking for many weary years. They have shown the king, therefore, that they can and do appreciate any genuine effort that is made in their behalf in the way of giving them what they deem to be their rights and justice in governmental matters.

PUBLIC SERVICE OF MERIT NECESSARY.

The rottenness of the postoffice department is often referred to by opponents of public ownership as an illustration of what may be expected generally should public utility corporations and business pass under public control. But this does not necessarily follow. Today the government service is organized upon the notorious spoils system, which is intended primarily to give good positions to the worst element developed by our democratic form of government. Notoriously disreputable men are thrust into business offices, not because of any fitness they have for the positions, but because they have done a certain amount of dirty work for superior officials who hold elective offices. They are almost certain to be gentry of very easy public virtue, and they are placed so as to provide livings for others of their ilk. They have no purpose of conducting their offices for the good of the service, but with the intention of being just as corrupt and as much given over to graft as possible without being caught at it.

The heads of departments of course are not expected to be experts in the work of their respective departments, but those who have immediate charge of the business should by all rules of business be men who have wide knowledge in that kind of business, and with a service of merit which should be installed there would be no difficulty in getting and keeping thoroughly competent and honest men. But such a service is scarcely possible under the spoils system. A service of merit would have to take the place of the present corrupt spoils method of filling business ofnces, before government operation of public utilities on an honest basis would be possible. Indeed, the present condition of the postoffice department shows the imperative necessity of it.

But so long as a premium is put upon graft and corruption in government service as is the case now, no one need expect integrity in a large part of the government forces. The representatives of the people themselves are to blame for this and the people for suffering such methods to continue. But nothing of all this is necessarily a part of public ownership.

THE VALUE OF PUBLICITY.

Just how much store is set by publicity may be illustrated by an article which appeared in the Argus on Friday relating such details as were known of the robbery of the Dexter creamery the night before, The Argus stated that the sheriff's office had not been notified of the robbery at all. In the afternoon toward three o'clock the Argus called on the sheriff relative to the robbery. He said he knew nothing of it whatever. The Argus went directly to the jail and there inquired of Deputy Fred Gillen as to the matter, as Sheriff Gauntlett said he was out of the city in the forenoon. The sheriff's office received its first information from the Argus.

The next day, Saturday, a party called the Argus from the telephone office in Dexter and said the statement that the SHERIFF'S office had not been called was a mistake, that repeated efforts had been made from eight o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock to get the SHERIFF'S office but no response was obtained. The Argus was requested to make this statement and did so. This morning the sheriff's office counters by showing through Manager Keech of the telephone office that neither the sheriff nor his office was called at all.

The point in the whole matter is the responsiveness of individuals and officials to publicity. No only is a newspaper serviceable to the public in putting officials next to crimes that have been committed but in keeping individuals, officials and the public sensitive to their duty in the securing of the enforcement of the laws in the interest of good government.

No such thing as "summer complaint" where Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is kept handy. Nature's remedy for every looseness of the bowels.

LOST—A home-spun blanket lost on S. Washington street. Person who found same, please leave at 444 S. Washington. Reward.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Cures Grip in Two Days.

Take **Laxative Bromo Quinine** Tablets.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.

This signature, E. W. Grove on every box. 25c.

DETROIA, YPSILANTI, ANN ARBOR & JACKSON RAILWAY.
In Effect July 6, 1902.
GOING WEST.

Through cars from Detroit to Jackson leave Detroit on every hour from 6:00 a. m. until 5:00 p. m. Then at 7:00 p. m. and 9:00 p. m.

Cars from Detroit to Ann Arbor leave Detroit every half hour from 6:00 a. m. until 7:00 p. m. Then at 8:00 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 10:00 p. m. and 10:45 p. m.

Cars leave Ypsilanti for Ann Arbor at 5:45 a. m. and 6:15 a. m.

Cars leave Ypsilanti for Jackson at 5:45 a. m. and 6:45 a. m.

GOING EAST.

Cars leave Ypsilanti for Detroit at 5:45 a. m. and 6:15 a. m.

Through cars from Jackson to Detroit leave Jackson hourly from 5:45 a. m. until 6:45 p. m. Then at 8:45 p. m. Car leaving Jackson at 10:45 p. m. runs only to Ypsilanti.

Cars leave Ann Arbor for Detroit half hourly from 6:15 a. m. until 6:15 p. m. Then at 7:15 p. m., 8:15 p. m., 9:15 p. m., 10:15 p. m. and 11:15 p. m.

Cars leave Dearborn for Detroit at 5:40 a. m. and 6:10 a. m.

Cars leave Ann Arbor for Ypsilanti only at 6:45 p. m., 7:45 p. m., 8:45 p. m., 12:15 a. m. and 12:45 a. m.

On Saturdays and Sundays, in addition to the above the following cars will be run: Detroit to Jackson, 6:00 p. m. and 8:00 p. m. Detroit to Ann Arbor, 7:30 p. m., 8:30 p. m. and 9:30 p. m. Jackson to Detroit, 7:45 p. m. and 9:45 p. m. Ann Arbor to Detroit, 6:45 p. m., 7:45 p. m. and 8:45 p. m.

On Sundays, first cars leave terminals one hour late.

YPSILANTI-SALINE DIVISION.

Leave Ypsilanti: A. M.—6:15, 8:15, 10:15. P. M.—12:15, 2:15, 4:15, 6:15, 8:15, 10.15.

Leave Saline: A. M.—7:00, 9:15, 11:15. P. M.—1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, 9:15, 11:15.

A special car will be run from Ypsilanti to Saline at 12:15 a. m. on arrival of theatre car from Detroit, for special parties of ten or more, on short notice and without extra charge.

LOCAL BREVITIES

Miss Marie Clarke is visiting relatives in Chelsea.

Milton Horner spent Sunday with friends in Union City.

Lou DeVoe has accepted a position with Hudson's, of Detroit.

The O. N. O. club enjoyed a trip to Tashmoo park, Saturday.

Miss Mollie Tuttle has returned from Cape Gerirdeau, Miss.

Mrs. Campbell, of Adams street, is spending the week in Jackson.

Mrs. Oakley, of Grosse Isle, is visiting Ypsilanti friends this week.

Miss Florence Robison spent Saturday with friends in Sandusky, O.

Mr. Harnack will give a party in Light Guard hall Friday evening.

Miss Marie Shaeffer spent Saturday in Saline with Miss Ruth Gillen.

John Watling left Saturday for a two weeks' stay at Center lake.

Miss Susie Davis is the guest of Miss Lysbeth Krauser, of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Thompson are spending the week at Portage lake.

Miss Jean McNicol is spending the week with her brother in Hillman.

Miss Mabel Roberts spent Sunday with Miss Cora Stedman, of Detroit.

Miss Clara Davis, of Holly, is visiting her niece, Mrs. Arthur Ament.

Miss Bessie Root, of Geer, has been the guest of Miss Frances Nichols.

Carl Coe, of Omaha, Neb., is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. E. E. Jenness.

Mrs. Frank Fletcher is spending a few days with Stony Creek friends.

Miss Green, of Jackson, is the guest of Miss May James, of the Normal.

Rev. Wm. Gardam left Monday for a four weeks' stay at Long Island.

Master Russel Blakesley, of Detroit, is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. Carrie Hall.

Miss Genevieve Scovill has returned from a week's visit with Detroit friends.

Mrs. Eadus, a former teacher in the Central school, is the guest of Mrs. Kinney.

Mrs. E. B. Dunham and Mrs. Nellie Yerkes are spending the summer at Caseville.

Miss Louise Kempf, of Ann Arbor, is the guest of Miss Edna Bery Smith, this week.

Miss Minnie McKenzie is spending the week in Ann Arbor with Mrs. C. M. Malcolm.

Master Charles Lamb is spending the week in Ann Arbor with his uncle, Fred Lamb.

Miss Johnson, of Howell, is the guest of Miss Mary Steagall, of the Training school.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Gage and Mr. and Mrs. Bert Reader will spend tomorrow at St. Clair Flats.

Hon. Wright, of Iron Mountain, of the state board of education, visited the Normal Monday.

Property owners should remember that after August 8 the taxes will be increased five per cent.

Miss Helen Bovee has returned to Detroit, after a month's stay in the city with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Morell and daughter, of Durand, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph King.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Fletcher and Miss Clara Owen are the guests of Lowell friends.

Mrs. Clinton Kellogg, of Oakwood avenue, has returned from her summer vacation.

Miss Harriet Marks, a former Normalite, is the guest of Miss Edna Barlow this week.

Miss Florence White, of Detroit, is spending the week with her aunt, Mrs. George Witmire.

Miss Hannah Stecher will spend the next two weeks with Wyandotte and Monroe friends.

F. E. Quigley, of the C. B. C. faculty, is spending the week at Walled Lake with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Charleton Partridge, of Detroit, are spending the week with relatives in the city.

Mrs. G. E. Waterman is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. J. Rose, of Ann Arbor.

Miss Florence Shipman is entertaining her cousin, Miss Helen Winslow, of Jackson, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Sanders, of Carleton, have been spending a few days with friends in this city.

Miss Helen Smart, of Saginaw, is the guest this week of Miss Harriet Nason, of Pearl street.

Mrs. Bertram, of Congress street, is spending the week with relatives in Detroit and Cleveland.

Miss Lizzie Fohey, of the C. B. C., has accepted a position as stenographer with a Detroit firm.

Miss Naomi DeMosh, of River street, entertained 25 friends Saturday in honor of her tenth birthday.

Mrs. Leota Becker Maxwell will organize a Protected Home Circle at the K. of P. hall Friday night.

Miss Florence Twigs, of Chicago avenue, is entertaining her cousin, Miss Marian Twigs, of Detroit.

Miss Edith M. Jones returned Saturday from a few weeks' visit at Jackson with her sister, Mrs. Blagdon.

Miss Abbie Rowe has been spending the past few days in the city on her way to her home in Harbor Springs.

Mr. H. Brooks, a former resident of this city, now of Detroit, is visiting his son, W. F. Brooks, of Oak street.

Mrs. Parsons has returned to her home in North Dakota, after a few months' stay with her son, Arch Parsons.

The regular semi-monthly meeting of the W. R. C. will be held at the rooms on Congress street, Friday at 2:30.

Miss Mary Burkey, a former Training school critic teacher, now of Chamlain, Ill., visited friends in the city recently.

Prof. J. Smith, of the Cleary college faculty, has accepted a position in the commercial department of the Port Huron high school.

The complaint of assault and battery against John Burtis was withdrawn Wednesday at the request of the plaintiff and the costs were settled by the defendant.

Miss Helen Amerman, who has been spending the past two weeks with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Stoup, will return to her home in Grand Rapids today.

The Ypsilanti creamery is having extensive improvements made, the wooden tanks being replaced by cement ones and their work is being done at the Belleville creamery.

The Misses Baker, Hubble, Smith, Rumble, Gill and Moore, of Marlette, are visiting Mrs. M. Stitt. The young ladies are pupils of Mr. Stitt, principal of the Marlette high school.

Cards have been issued announcing the marriage of Arthur L. Bostick, of this city, and Miss Maud Langford, of Ann Arbor, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Langford, Jackson, on August 7.

An alarm called the department out Friday a. m. at 8 o'clock to a small fire on N. Adams street. A defective chimney caused about $150 damage. The house is occupied by E. E. Ensigne and owned by Mr. Heath.

The body of Mrs. Bertha Keller, who was a former resident of this city, will be brought here today from Chicago for burial. The funeral will be held at 10 a. m. at the German church. Interment in Highland cemetery.

The inquest of John Dickson was held Monday a. m. in Justice Joslyn's court. A number of witnesses were examined, but nothing new was brought out in connection with the case. The jury reached the following verdict: That the said John Dickson came to his death on the 28th day of July near Wiard's crossing by falling off from and being run over by a freight train on the M. C. R. R., while riding on said train without permission of the crew thereof.

Marcus G. Tuttle, who recently graduated from the high school, met with a painful accident Sunday evening on the Tuttle farm, south of town. He was working about the barn and while in the stall of a vicious ox was injured by the animal crowding him against the wall. The brute was de-horned, or fatal injury would have resulted. As it is, two ribs are thought to be broken, and the muscles are torn from the spine and breast bone. Other internal injury also is feared. Tuttle was recently appointed alternate candidate for Annapolis, and this of course ruins his prospects.

No such thing as "summer complaint" where Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is kept handy. Nature's remedy for every looseness of the bowels.

YOUNG LADY WAS INTOXICATED

FOUND ON HAMILTON STREET BY THREE YOUNG MEN

A Mysterious and Deplorable Affair—Looks as if Young Lady Had Been Drugged

One of the most shocking and deplorable affairs that has taken place in some time was here Friday evening. Three well known young men of the town were walking down Hamilton street at about 9:30 last evening when their attention was attracted by the peculiar behavior of a woman walking, or rather staggering, just ahead of them. At first they thought she was crazy, but after they had followed her a ways they found out differently and that she was intoxicated. They caught up with her just as she went behind a vacant house and they were horrified to find her to be one of their friends.

She had been visiting in a neighboring town and was on her way to Ypsilanti to make a visit and was then going to return to her home. She was at once taken to the home of friends by one of the young men and every precaution taken to suppress the matter.

According to the young lady's story, she got off at Ann Arbor to get a drink as she was feeling ill, and that is the last she remembers until she was cared for by her friends. The affair is a most mysterious one and it looks as if the young lady had been drugged.

TONSORIAL ARTISTS ARE PUGILISTIC

The barbers of this city are on a fair way to become famous in other lines than removing the hirsute appendages from the facades of country galoots.

Recently a man, slightly under the influence of drink, went into a tonsorial parlor on the main street and while in the chair took occasion to abuse a second barber in the shop who sat near by idly picking a mandolin.

The man kept on talking abusively and the barber kept on picking, till the man got out of the chair. Then the barber-musician gently laid down the instrument, struck a Police Gazette attitude and blazed away at the man who talked too much with his mouth. It took two hours for the windy individual to recover, and in the meantime the barber was riding out in the country to get a mouth full of fresh air.

Friday, just after dinner Charles Rogers, the carpenter, and J. A. Burtis, the Huron street barber, got into an altercation over the building of a house and before Chas. was aware of his purpose J. A. handed him a left-handed under-cut on his right jaw, and then applied his number nines so emphatically that the carpenter went out of the shop like a shot out of a gun. His face was a sight to behold and the report was spread about town that Burtis had cut off his nose with a razor. A close examination, however, well reveal the smeller still there, though slightly damaged.

Mr. Rogers wiped the blood from his face, hied himself to tell his trouble to a policeman and then swore out a warrant against Mr. Burtis, charging him with assault and battery and cruelty to animals.

A DELIGHTFUL CONCERT LAST NIGHT

A delightfully informal concert was given at Normal hall last Thursday by the Conservatory and as usual standing room was at a premium. Both the audience and the singers enjoyed themselves thoroughly. A few days ago the young men of the Conservatory fell victims to the fad of having their hair cut off short, a la convict. Whenever one of these bald-headed musicians appeared on the stage a titter went around the audience. To make the matter worse one of the singer was sadly in need of a hair-cut and when he appeared in a quartet with two who had just had their pates shaven the contrast was something ridiculous.

The singing, without an exception, was fine and the instrumental music was a rare treat, every number bringing an encore.

This concert served to give the summer students an idea of the kind of music the Normal is famous for.

Eczema, scald head, hives, itchiness of the skin of any sort instantly relieved, permanently cured. Doan's Ointment. At any drug store.

PROF. BOSTRICK IS MARRIED

The marriage of Prof. Arthur L. Bostick, of this city, to Miss Maud Langford, Jackson, took place yesterday at the home of the bride's brother, Dr. T. S. Langford, in that city. Prof. Bostick is supervisor of music in the public schools, director of St. Luke's choir, and a member of the Conservatory faculty. He has just been placed on the staff of the Detroit Conservatory of Music. Miss Langford was a popular student here.

SCOUT IN A SUNDAY SCHOOL

Colonel Jack Crawford Now Teaches a Class of Youngsters.

It is not often that an old frontier scout becomes transformed into a Sunday school teacher, but Colonel Jack Crawford, erstwhile companion of Buffalo Bill, "Wild Bill" Hickok and other of the plainsmen, teaches a class of youngsters in a Grant's Pass (Ore.) Sunday school, says a correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean. Furthermore, as a Sabbath school lecturer he has achieved a fame which has reached as far as Portland.

Old Colonel Jack is a man of impressive bearing. With his long, flowing white locks and his goatee—a typical frontiersman's goatee it is, too—he presents a picturesque appearance as he stands before a class of children and lectures them on the deeds of the prophets.

Once upon a time the old man was known as the church building scout. He broke many trails through the mountains of Montana and Colorado and at one time was one of the most feared pony express riders in the west. During his more active days he was mixed up in many an affray. He saw some of the most notorious bad men bite the dust, and he was with "Wild Bill" Hickok in some of the fiercest fights that famous character had in the Dakota Bad Lands.

Crawford is now a settled and stern business man, owns thousands of acres of Oregon land and is rated wealthy. Yet he has not forgotten his cunning with a gun and can draw bead on a bull's eye at as great a distance as he could in the seventies.

Geological Survey's New Division.

The geological survey has lately organized a new division to be known as the division of hydrology. N. H. Darton will be in charge of the operations conducted by this division in the west, the chief center of the work of this new arm of the survey's service. Of late years the selection and determination of localities suitable for the sinking of artesian wells and of determining from surface indications whether or not water exists below the surface, and, if so, at what depths, have become so vast as to require the time and energies of more than one member of the survey, and for this reason the new division will have this phase of work as its special object.

A Citizen's Story

Told by an Ypsilanti Citizen for the Benefit of Ypsilanti People.

The greatest importance attached to the following is that it concerns an Ypsilanti citizen. It would lose three quarters of its interest if it involved some resident of Kalamazoo, Mich., or Woonsocket, R. I. Like all the testimony which has apeared here, and like all which will follow about the Old Quaker remedy, Doan's Kidney Pills, it comes from residents, fellow-citizens and neighbors. No other remedy can show such a record of home cures. Read this case:

Capt. Edward Ryan, of the Fire Department, says: "To say I endorse Doan's Kidney Pills mildly expresses what I think of them. Before going to Weinmann & Matthews' drug store for the remedy, I had a dull aching pain in my back that had bothered me for some time and if I caught cold it always settled in my loins, causing much pain and inconvenience. I used several remedies, but I never received any permanent benefit. Doan's Kidney Pills put a stop to the backache. They are worthy of the confidence of any sufferer from kidney complaint."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents per box. Fister-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

UNDERWOOD WAS FINED $20

The Underwood examination was held today. Upon advice of Prosecutor Duffy the first charge was withdrawn and one of assault and battery substituted, to which Underwood plead guilty and was fined $20.

THAT THROBBING HEADACHE. Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and build up your health. Only 25c, money back if not cured. Sold by Duane Spalsbury and Smith Bros., druggists.

MALE HELP WANTED—Active, trustworthy gentleman wanted; position of trust; responsible corporation; $20 weekly guaranteed on yearly contract; reference and fifty dollars required. Address, D. A. Thurston, Detroit, Mich.

OPENING OF THE NEW LAKE ROUTE.

Between Detroit and Buffalo.

The new steamers Eastern States and Western States are running daily between Detroit and Buffalo, making connection with all morning trains. Our readers can save 3 dollars on fare to any point East or West. Send 2c for folder. Address A. A. Schantz, G. P. T. Mgr., Detroit, Mich.

FOR PAVING WASHINGTON ST.

Matter Will be Brought Up in Council Tonight

USE BRICK ON SAND

Will Only be to Ellis Street if at All—Will Cost About $137 Per Yard

For the past few weeks Ald. Cremer has been busy interviewing the residents and property owners of N. Washington street in the collection of facts and figures pertaining to the proposed pavement on that street, and he is now ready to bring in an exhaustive report on the matter at tonight's council meeting.

At first it was proposed to pave right through to Cross street, but this has been called off because there are not enough in favor of it. If paved at all, it will probably be just to Ellis street.

It was also intended to use the asphalt brick, but this also has been changed. Mr. Cremer has sounded public opinion on this point, and the kind of pavement on Ann street in Ann Arbor will probably be laid. In this, the paving brick is used, and it is laid on sand or gravel foundation, no concrete being used. The cost of this pavement, including the curbing, is about $1.37 per yard, and as the D., Y., A. A. & J. will pay for eight feet, the expense to the people will be slight.

COLORED PEOPLE ARE CELEBRATING

Dressed in their Sunday best, and looking the happiest people on earth, nearly three hundred of Ypsilanti's colored inhabitants left Monday a. m. bright and early on three special Ypsi-Ann cars for Sandwich, Ont., where a big celebration is being held. The occasion is Emancipation day and in the heart of the Negro the Fourth sinks to insignificance when compared to August first.

Every mother's son and daughter of the 300 who left Ypsilanti this morning were determined to have a good time, and from all appearances they were accomplishing their ends. Lunch boxes galore bulged with good things to eat and some of them wafted odors that were suspiciously like that of chicken.

SAVERY CLUB IS NO MORE

The Savery club, which has existed for 12 years and fed from 80 to 100 students, is no more. The house and lot has been sold for $4,000. Mrs Savery will spend a few weeks with relatives and will make her home with her daughter, Mrs. Wilson, at Nashville, Tenn. Frank Savery will work for a book concern of Chicago.

WANT A LAW FOR AUTOMBILES

For some time numerous complaints have been made to the city officials that automobiles are being run at a dangerous rate of speed on some of the principal streets of the city. Some nights ago two of these puff-wagons were racing on Huron street, and by their carelessness nearly ran over two ladies. As it was, the ladies were frightened so badly that it was some time before they recovered.

If the council would pass a few laws regulating the speed of these evil smelling vehicles the change would meet the approval of the people.

Croup instantly relieved. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Perfectly safe. Never fails. At any drug store.

YOU NEED A REST.

If you are not feeling well, don't call a doctor but take a lake trip! You return home feeling new life and your brain blown free from cobwebs. Send 2c. for folder and map.

Address,
A. A. SCHANTZ, G. P. T. Mgr.,
Detroit, Mich.

The Sentinel-Commercial should be in every home. $1 per year.

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

Coughing

"I was given up to die with quick consumption. I then began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I improved at once, and am now in perfect health."—Chas. E. Hartman, Gibbstown, N. Y.

It's too risky, playing with your cough.
The first thing you know it will be down deep in your lungs and the play will be over. Begin early with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and stop the cough.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., $1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

$3.00 SAVED TO ALL POINTS EAST AND WEST VIA THE D&B LINE.
"Just Two Boats" BETWEEN DETROIT & BUFFALO
Daily Service
DETROIT & BUFFALO STEAMBOAT CO.
DETROIT TOLEDO CLEVELAND BUFFALO NIAGARA FALLS
COMMENCING MAY 11TH
Improved Daily Express Service (14 hours) between
DETROIT AND BUFFALO
Leave DETROIT Daily . . 4.00 P. M.
Arrive at BUFFALO . . . 8.00 A. M.
Leave BUFFALO Daily . . 5.30 P. M.
Arrive at DETROIT . . . 7.00 A. M.
Connecting with Earliest trains for all points in NEW YORK, EASTERN and NEW ENGLAND STATES. Through tickets sold to all points. Send 2c. for illustrated pamphlets and rates.
Rate between Detroit and Buffalo $3.50 one way, $6.50 round trip. Berths $1.00, $1.50; Staterooms $2.50 each direction. Week end Excursions Buffalo and Niagara Falls.
IF your railway agent will not sell you a through ticket, please buy a local ticket to Buffalo or Detroit, and pay your transfer charges from depot to wharf. By doing this we will save you $3.00 to any point East or West.
A. A. SCHANTZ, G. P. T. M., Detroit, Mich.

Comfort TRADE NAME
MEDICINAL SKIN Powder
Heals and Comforts the SKIN
A medication different and immeasurably superior to talcum powders and lotions for all
SKIN SORENESS,
Itching, Chafing, Scalding, Sunburn, Nettle Rash, Burns, Pimples, Wounds, After Shaving, Tender Feet, Offensive Body Odors, and Bed Sores.
A Perfectly Ideal Baby Powder.
At Drug Stores, 25c. Large trial pkg. free.
Comfort Powder CO., Hartford, Ct.

L. S. & M. S. R. R.
YPSILANTI BRANCH.

Freight	Exp.	STATIONS	Exp.	Freight
1 40pm	8 40am	.. Ypsilanti ..	4 40pm	12 05pm
2 03pm	8 54am	Pittsfield Jct.	4 23pm	11 40am
2 25pm	9 01am	.... Saline	4 15pm	11 25am
2 45pm	9 12am	.Bridgewater.	4 01pm	10 50am
3 42pm	9 35am	. Manchester.	3 42pm	10 20am
4 34pm	9 58am	.. Brooklyn ..	3 17pm	9 20am
4 50pm	10 07am	..Woodstock..	3 06pm	9 00am
5 33pm	10 24am	....Jerome....	2 49pm	8 30am
5 49pm	10 33am	..No. Adams..	2 40pm	8 15am
6 10pm	10 50am	...Hillsdale...	2 25pm	7 45am
7 10am	4 00pm	... Chicago ...	8 30am	3 00am
11 10pm	2 20pm	....Toledo....	10 30am	7 00pm
12 12am	5 40pm	.. Cleveland ..	7 15am	4 40pm
6 45am	10 10pm	....Buffalo....	2 55am	12 25am

All trains daily except Sunday.
A. J. SMITH, G. P. & T. AGT.
Cleveland, O.

Nothing has ever equalled it.
Nothing can ever surpass it.
Dr. King's New Discovery
For CONSUMPTION COUGHS and COLDS
Price 50c & $1.00
A Perfect Cure: For All Throat and Lung Troubles.
Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles free.

Woeful Tale of A Married Man

"What's the matter, old fellow?" he said as they met the morning after. "You look blue."

"I feel blue."

"But last night you were the jolliest member of the party."

"I felt jolly."

"You acted like a boy just let out of school."

"I felt like one."

"You said your wife had gone away for the first time in three years and there wasn't any one to say a word if you went home and kicked over the mantel clock."

"I remember it."

"You said that if you stayed out until 4 o'clock there was no one to look at you reproachfully and sigh and make you feel small."

"Yes, and I stayed out until 4 o'clock, didn't I?"

"You certainly did."

"And I gave a war whoop on the doorstep?"

"Yes; and then you sang a verse from a comic opera song and tried to dance a jig."

"Yes; and my wife had missed the train. Now go away and leave me. I want to kick myself a little more for not taking the precaution to get an affidavit from the guard that she went with the train."

And then he gave himself several bangs on the ears and then shook himself till his hair began to fall out.

The Obstacle.

Farmer—No need to warn him. He is studying his map, and he will surely see that there is an obstacle in the road.

Moments of History.

Elizabeth was about to step on the cloak that Raleigh put down in front when a sudden thought struck her.

"Has it been sterilized?" she asked sternly.

It was evident by Raleigh's look of sudden dismay that he had been guilty of gross neglect.

"It only goes to show," said Elizabeth, stinging him through her lorgnette as she was lifted over the puddle, "how even one who loves me so much may grow criminally careless."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Secondary Consideration.

The demure comedienne has closed with the impresario and has agreed to create the leading role in the new comic opera.

"And now," says the impresario, "what figure would you want for the season?"

"Oh," she titters, with an affectation of embarrassment, "had we not best leave that to the costumer?"—Judge.

In Doubt.

"Do you think that the theatrical profession leads to unhappy marriages?"

"I have never been able to decide," answered the manager, "whether a stage career leads to divorce or divorce leads to a stage career."—Washington Star.

Repartee.

"Ah," he said to her over their ice cream, "it is very sweet, but not so sweet as you."

"It is soft," she returned promptly, "but not so soft as you."

"And it is cold," he concluded, "but not so cold as you."—Philadelphia Press.

For Her Sake.

"Why do you argue with your wife?" asked the bachelor. "Don't you know the futility of it?"

"Of course," replied the married man. "But I have to allow her a little pleasure once in awhile."—Philadelphia Record.

Fully Explained.

Miss Passion—What is a nightmare like, Mr. Crusty?

Mr. Crusty—It's like finding yourself married to a woman who is everlastingly asking fool questions.—Chelsea Gazette.

Joy Unalloyed.

"What's the big book you've got?"

"It's a doctor's book I found. Now I can find a whole lot of new diseases for my dolls to have."—Louisville Herald.

Positive Proof.

Will—Are you sure she is from Philadelphia?

Joe—Well, when I proposed she said, "This is so sudden!"—Chelsea Gazette.

A New Woman.

She was "swagger" and bold,
She was heartless and cold,
An amazon, body and mind;
He, a white livered youth,
Fuzzy lipped and uncouth,
Of the goody good, "mamma's boy" kind.
She was laying her plan
To annihilate man
And build a new world, but one day
He said, "Will you wed?"
And she pillowed her head
On his breast in the old fashioned way.
—The Smiler in Town Topics.

The Antiquity of Hospitals.

Many centuries before the Christian era there existed in India and Ceylon institutions which performed the functions of hospitals (Real-Encyclopadie, Eulenburg). They were built and maintained by the Buddhists. In the Scripture there is a mention of what the Hebrews called Bethesda, but this was nothing more than a few rude huts in the neighborhood of a mineral spring supposed to have healing properties. According to Lecky ("History of European Morals"), the first hospital was founded by a Roman lady named Fabiola, about the fourth century, at Rome. Soon after another hospital was founded by St. Pammachus, and another by St. Basil at Cæsarea. During the crusades numerous hospitals arose in all parts of Europe. San Spiritu, built by Innocent III., was erected in 1204 at Rome. The first hospital in England was built by Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury, in 1080. The first hospital of any size erected in America was the Pennsylvania hospital in Philadelphia, begun in 1751 by Dr. Bond and Benjamin Franklin.—Philadelphia Medical Journal.

The Emperor and the Mandarin.

The favorite horse of the Chinese emperor Tsi having died through negligence on the part of the master of the horse, the emperor in his rage would have run that functionary through with his sword. Mandarin Yentsi, however, parried the blow, saying:

"Sire, this man is not yet convicted of the crime for which he deserves to die."

"Well, then, tell him what it is."

"Listen, you scoundrel," said the minister, "to an enumeration of the crimes which you have committed. First, you have allowed a horse to perish which the emperor has intrusted to your safe keeping. Moreover, it is owing to you that our sovereign became so exasperated that he was on the point of killing you with his own hand. Lastly, it is your fault that he was about to disgrace himself in the eyes of everybody by killing a man for a horse."

"Let him go," interrupted the emperor, who understood the lesson. "I pardon him."

Horses of Celebrated Men.

It is generally known that Napoleon's white stallion, the horse he rode at Waterloo, was named Marengo and that Wellington's charger in the same battle was Copenhagen. The latter lived to be twenty-seven years old. The remains of Marengo are preserved in the Museum of the United Services, London. Do you remember the names of any of George Washington's horses? In nearly all of the Washington statues the Father of His Country is represented as on horseback, but what is the name of the animal he bestrides? Richard III. owned White Surrey, and it was for that splendid animal that he cried when he shouted, "My kingdom for a horse!" William III.'s favorite horse, Sorrel, had one eye. Savoy, the black horse of Charles VIII. of France, also had only one eye.

When Carlyle Pinched His Wife.

A volume by the late Anthony Froude, the historian, tells this story of Carlyle and his wife, who lived on notoriously bad terms, the latter dying first: "Carlyle found a remembrance in her diary of the blue marks which in a fit of passion he had once inflicted on her arms. As soon as he could collect himself he put together a memoir of her, in which with deliberate courage he inserted the incriminating passages of her diary, the note of the blue marks among them, and he added an injunction of his own that, however stern and tragic that record might be, it was never to be destroyed."

One Cause of Deafness.

"Deafness is often caused by the violence with which people blow their noses," said a New York specialist in eye and ear diseases. "There is an intimate relation between the aural and nasal passages. You sometimes feel it when you are bathing and get your nose full of water. Then you will find more deafness in localities where the residents are subject to catarrh. In the straining attendant on blowing the nose persons stretch the eardrum. Sometimes they burst the membrane. I have handled many cases of this sort, where deafness came suddenly after a heavy cold in the head."

Making Up.

"Miss Ethel is a long time coming down," said the youth to the servant after waiting some time for the young lady's appearance. "Perhaps," he added, with a laugh, "perhaps she is making up her mind whether to see me or not."

"No," said the servant, with an icy smile; "it is not her mind she is making up."

A Change of Name.

Boothby—What are you thinking about, Ethel?

Miss Warringford—About our wedding. I wanted to ask a favor of you.

Boothby—Anything, dearest.

Miss Warringford—Well, I don't want to change my name to Mrs. Henry Boothby. I want you to change yours to Mr. Ethel Warringford.

Thinner Then.

Barber—Hair's very thin, sir.

Customer—It was thinner than that thirty years ago.

"Indeed, sir, you surprise me! Why, you don't look more than thirty now, sir."

"Thirty yesterday."

Favorable Indication.

"Miss Charmington says she is very fond of animals," remarked Bliggens' sister.

"Perhaps there's hopes for me, then," said Bliggens. "She called me a brute the other day."—Syracuse Standard.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.—Franklin.

Technical Training The Need Of Our Workingmen

By President FRANK W. GUNSAULUS of Armour Institute

ALL that the American workman has to fear is IGNORANCE—an uneducated brain and an untrained hand. The trades unions of England have limited and almost STRANGLED the gracious influences of technical education. With the ecclesiastical establishment on top of him and the trades unions rising up to dictate from below, the ENGLISH ARTISAN IS CRUSHED. In many of the largest realms of opportunity the only apparent gate of entrance for the American mechanic is technical education. Ideas will always command. The American mechanic has yet an enthusiastic spirit, an earnest faith in the value of a clear field and a fair fight, and HE HAS GOOD BLOOD IN HIM. He must bravely calculate on the fact that the world to which he would sell his wares is sure to grow more brainy and to demand more brain investment in what it is willing to buy. It will more and more require brains that will get into the ends of the workman's fingers to produce these things. This means technical training. With this equipment and with the elastic courage and inventiveness of the American his triumph is as CERTAIN as it will be WORLDWIDE.

The German statesman frankly tells the young German to visit America, enter our factories, get our processes by heart, return home and lead Germany. This is to Americanize Germany educationally. It is a more certain way than some others to pre-empt the future. The American workman is more sure to conquer for America on bloodless than on bloody fields. It was the technical student that manufactured the guns and stood behind them who had most to do with the recent success of our navy.

BUT THE LARGE AND LASTING TRIUMPH WILL NOT COME TO US BY CARRYING ON OR USING A "BIG STICK." IT WILL COME BY THE DOMINANCE OF IDEAS THROUGH BETTER PROCESSES AND FINER PRODUCTS.

THE PERIL TO LIBERAL EDUCATION

By Dr. A. F. WEST of Princeton

THE perils which beset liberal education come from various sources—first, from the common defects of our American civilization; second, from the weaker tendencies in young men, and, third, from the confusion of counsels inside the college itself. The first two we must be prepared to encounter always, but the last one ought to be avoidable.

I shall not draw up a catalogue of our common defects as a people. Our virtues we know well. They are SELF RELIANCE, QUICK INGENUITY, ADVENTUROUSNESS AND A BUOYANT OPTIMISM. Our national faults are not so pleasant to think of, as, for example, the faults of BOASTFUL VULGARITY AND RECKLESS EXCITABILITY. Yet there are some that must be mentioned as being specially perilous to our college education. The chief one, I think, is commercialism, the feverish pursuit of what "pays" as the one end of life. Are we not subjected today as never before to demands for teaching the things of commerce as part of our college course? And are not the mechanical arts and crafts—admirable, indeed, in their true uses—trying to mix in with the other things as though they were of the same family of studies and saying they must have room in the same house even if other members of the family are pushed out? Are not technical studies being called liberal, and is not even the technique of the professions sometimes labeled liberal, also on the plea that all knowledge is liberalizing? So it is, but in what differing degrees and senses! THE INSTINCT FOR THE USEFUL IS BEING PERVERTED and exalted above the love of knowledge as a chief end. And why? Because what is wanted is something immediately, obviously, almost mercenarily, useful. Is it not time we read again the books of philosophy to learn again that the true utility is the long utility which serves to make a whole life useful and that it is the end for which men live that makes them useful or useless? Do we not feel that we are here coming close to the sanctions of religion and need to answer that deep question, "What shall it profit a man?" once more.

ANOTHER PERIL IS A COMPANION AND NATURAL FOLLOWER OF COMMERCIALISM—NAMELY, ILLITERACY, NOT IN THE MEANING OF THAT WORD IN THE CENSUS TABLES, BUT IN THE MEANING OF IGNORANCE OF GOOD LITERATURE.

THE TRIUMPH OF YOUTH IN AMERICA

By JOHN FOSTER FRASER, British Economist

WE Englishmen set much store by experience. The American sets much store by YOUTHFUL ENTERPRISE. We think a man who has been in business for thirty years is the one who ought to know most about it. The American thinks a man who has been at it so long is certain to have fossilized ideas and therefore is not likely to keep abreast of the need of the times. We think a youth thrown into responsibility will likely as not make a mess of things. The American thinks that RESPONSIBILITY BRINGS BALLAST and with all the fire of his young manhood a youth will strive night and day to prove the confidence placed in him is well placed. And here the American is right. Time and time again as I have gone through the workshops of the United States I have almost been staggered at the mere boys who are managers and heads of departments—not the sons of proprietors, but young fellows who have started at the bottom, proved their grit, shown their energy and been pushed on to high positions. It is not at all unusual to find a man of twenty-four years having the control of several thousand men. And the fact that a man is young and unmarried is no reason in the employer's mind why he should receive comparatively small salary. The question of how cheap you can get such men is not considered. NO PRICE IS TOO BIG to give a lad who has brains and adaptiveness. It is recognized that by paying him well, appreciating him, you FIRE HIS ENTHUSIASM.

The Lime Juice Island.

Nearly all the lime juice used in the world comes from the tiny island of Montserrat, in the British West Indies. The lime grows wild in many West Indian islands, but only in Montserrat is it used commercially. That island is one vast garden of lime trees, and nowhere in the world is there a finer sight than its thirty miles of orchards, laden with the fruit of the lime or fragrant with its blossoms.

The fruit is gathered by negro women, who carry it down the hills to the shipping port in big baskets on their heads. Like all West Indians, they are remarkable for their ability to carry heavy weights in this manner. Once the company which controls the lime juice industry sought to lighten the burden of its laborers by introducing wheelbarrows.

The negroes filled the wheelbarrows readily enough, and then carried them on their heads as they had been used to carry the baskets. Many a negro woman will carry a hundredweight of limes on her head for a distance of a mile or more.—Indianapolis News.

Naming the House.

The custom of naming a ship when it is launched with the breaking of a bottle of wine on the prow is a survival of an ancient practice which had many forms. In early times, when the frame of a house was raised, the bottle of wine was broken on the ridgepole. The usage is mentioned in McLellan's "History of Gorham, Maine."

It was the custom at a raising to break a bottle of spirit on the ridgepole and to repeat some rhymes, "naming the frame," as it was called. When, in 1839, Jacob H. Clement of West Gorham raised a stable, John Phinney, an old Revolutionary soldier who was present, repeated the following lines, which he said were used in naming the frame of Captain John Stephenson's house and barn, which were raised about 1775:

FOR THE HOUSE FRAME.

Cursed is the Tory's heart
Which from the congress laws depart;
If the laws they do not fear
I hope they will not prosper here,
And if the laws they do obey
I hope they will prosper in corn and hay.

Chair Postures.

It is one thing to have a chair and another to know how to sit on it. The ideal of a graceful sitting posture has varied in the different ages of the world. The Egyptian sat bolt upright, the knees and feet closely pressed together. It was the ceremonial attitude. The Greeks and Romans, when they were at liberty to forget their dignity, sat stooping, with one or both elbows supported by the arms of the chair.

The Chinese ideal was with the knees and feet wide apart. They have maintained that attitude in sitting for 400 years. The Saxons and early Norman kings are represented in old manuscript and on coins in the same position. Down to a date comparatively recent, kings and queens received sitting stiffly on their thrones, any marked change of posture being thought to derogate from the royal dignity. They now receive standing.

A Legend of February.

Here is the pretty legend which tells why February has only twenty-eight or twenty-nine days. Long ago, they say, February was a gambler, and he was so unlucky that he soon lost all his money. Like other gamblers, he tried to recover it, and he said to his companions that if they would lend him some money he would give them as security one of his days. January and March, who were naturally associated with him more often than any of the other months, accepted his offer, and as poor February soon lost the money which he had borrowed each of them acquired one of his days.

That is why January and March have each thirty-one days and February has only twenty-eight in ordinary and twenty-nine in leap years.

Ungrateful Girl.

"Miss Pechis," began Mr. Klose, "if you marry me you can be assured that"—

"I'm sorry, Mr. Klose," the girl interrupted hastily, "but it is impossible. I can never marry you."

"What! Well, if that ain't ingratitude. Didn't I bring you a box of candy last week?"—Philadelphia Press.

Nothing More Doing.

The Mistress—How long were you in your last place?

Cook—Three wakes, ma'am.

The Mistress—And why did you leave?

Cook—Sure, ma'am, all the dishes were gone.—Detroit Free Press.

What He Didn't Mean.

Mr. Blunder—Why, your mother looks as young as you do, Miss Stale.

Miss S. (stiffly)—That is not very complimentary to me, Mr. Blunder.

Mr. B. (confusedly)—I—didn't mean that. I—I mean you look as young as your mother.

Even With Him.

Mr. Flirty (tauntingly)—I saw Mrs. Berryman on the street today. She looked charming in her mourning gown.

Mrs. Flirty (sarcastically)—Indeed! It's a pity we can't all be widows.

Frank and Honest.

Butcher—What did you think of that steak I cut you yesterday?

Patron—To be perfectly frank with you, I thought it came off a South American cow that had been foddered on rubber trees.

Education is a mighty good thing to have in the house, but you can't trot a small jackass around a college and make a blooded steed of him.—Dallas News.

Uncommon Colds.

"It is just a common cold," people say, "there's no danger in that." Admitting their statement, then there are *uncommon* colds, colds which are dangerous; for many a fatal sickness begins with a cold. If we could tell the common cold from the uncommon we could feel quite safe. But we can't. The uncommon variety is rarely recognized until it has fastened its hold on the lungs, and there are symptoms of consumption.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures coughs, bronchitis, "weak" lungs and other diseases of the organs of respiration. It increases the supply of pure, rich blood and builds up the emaciated body.

"I took a severe cold which settled in the bronchial tubes," writes Rev. Frank Hay, of Nortonville, Jefferson Co., Kansas. After trying medicines labeled 'Sure Cure,' almost without number, I was led to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took two bottles and was cured, and have stayed cured. When I think of the great pain I had to endure, and the terrible cough I had, it seems almost a miracle that I was so soon relieved. That God may spare you many years and abundantly bless you is the prayer of your grateful friend."

If you ask your dealer for "Golden Medical Discovery" because you have confidence in its cures, do not allow yourself to be switched off to a medicine claimed to be "just as good," but which you did not ask for and of which you know nothing.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure dizziness and sick headache.

The Cocoa Palm.

The cocoa palm, from which chocolate comes, bears its pods, which contain fifteen to twenty-five beans each, at ten to twelve feet from the ground. Four hundred trees are planted on an acre and each yields about a dollar's worth of beans.

Men and Arms.

In thirty-two out of 100 cases a man's left arm is stronger than his right.

Bees Like Night Work.

Bees prefer to work in the dark because the action of sunlight upon the honey is to cause the sugar to granulate out and so to solidify the whole mass, in which condition it is of no use either to themselves or their young.

Sugar Cane.

In Cuba sixteen tons of cane yield one ton of sugar. In Peru it requires only twelve and a half.

Finger Nails.

A man of seventy has renewed his finger nails no fewer than 186 times. Taking the length of each nail as half an inch the total length grown on each finger has been 7 feet 9 inches.

Magnetic Metals.

Iron, steel (which is a modified iron), the metals nickel and cobalt and some substances which contain a large portion of iron are the only bodies that can be strongly magnetized, though many others can be magnetized very feebly and temporarily.

Creaky Hinges.

The application of a bit of soap on the point of a lead pencil to a creaky hinge will cure its stiffness and silence its complaints.

When Arabs Meet.

Americans are amazed and inclined to laugh when they see friendly Arabs meet. Their salutation is almost grotesque, for they shake hands seven or eight times and sometimes repeatedly kiss each other.

FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over 60 years by millions for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" and take no other kind.

BASE HITS.

Jack Dunn is playing good ball at short for McGraw.

Billy Dahlen's fielding of late has been of the sensational order.

In Boston Johnstone is considered the best umpire on the league staff.

When Fred Clarke is out of the game Hans Wagner is manager of the Pirates.

Pitcher Ed Stein, once with Brooklyn, is twirling for amateur teams in Detroit.

Frank Drill, the crack Georgetown college catcher, has joined the Brooklyn club.

President Pulliam says the Chicagos are the model organization of the National league.

The St. Louis club has corralled a pitcher named Donnelly, who comes from Amherst college.

Fred Clarke leads the Pirates in hitting. Ritchey, Wagner, Beaumont and Phillips are above the .300 mark.

Pete Chiles and Henry Reitz, once famed in the National league, are now playing with a tiny team at Fortuna, Cal.

Manager Selee of Chicago has rare luck in discovering good infielders. Last year he captured a pippin in Tinker and this season has secured one just as good in Second Base Man Evers.

ON THE SPECIAL

By F. B. Wright

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"Late! Oh, no; not the north bound train! It can't be! Are you sure?"

There was a ring in the voice that caught Hugh Morton's attention. He looked up. The girl in black who had interested him when she entered the waiting room three hours before was at the ticket window, and the agent was explaining that the night train due at Bellmar Junction at 10:30 was two hours late. Morton himself was waiting for that train.

"Yes, miss, I'm certain. Just received word. Twelve thirty anyway, and it may be later."

"But the train from Parkerville on the other road gets in at 11:20, doesn't it? Isn't there some train out of here before it comes? Anything—a freight!"

"No'm; nothing until the fifty-three," answered the man in a surprised tone. He leaned forward to see the girl more plainly, and she drew aside in confusion.

"Thank you. I'll have to wait, then. It doesn't matter at all," she said in a voice whose trembling showed that it mattered very much. Then she went out on the platform, leaving Morton wondering.

Why was she so pale? Why was she so impatient to get away? Why so anxious to leave before the train from Parkerville arrived? He puzzled over the question for awhile and went outside for a smoke. Then he heard a sob from a dark corner. The girl was seated on a truck crying so bitterly that she did not hear Morton as he approched, moved by a generous impulse.

"You are in some trouble? Can't I be of some help?"

The girl raised her head with a start, hurriedly wiping away the tears. "No; it's beyond help—I mean it's nothing."

"There's nothing beyond help. Won't you tell me the trouble? You don't know me, of course, but I hope you can see I'm a gentleman."

The girl seemed to shrink from him. "It's nothing—mere nervousness. It was kind in you to ask, though, and I thank you. I would accept if it could do any good."

With an apology for his intrusion Morton moved away. He tramped the platform for awhile and then stopped in the shadow by the station window. He had learned telegraphy years before, and it amused him to read the clicking of the key. There was the best part of a message coming in now. Click-click, click, click-click-click—"dress—slender—brown hair—twenty-two; sheriff up on 12 if there." When the message ended the agent glanced out on the platform toward where the girl was seated. Then he telegraphed back, "Girl here; can't leave; 55 late."

So this was the reason of the girl's agitation, thought Morton. She had committed some crime, poor thing, and the law was on her track; the law, so powerful and relentless; she so helpless and alone. Morton had an instant vision of the slight, graceful figure and the pale face and in that instant made up his mind. He went toward her and spoke in an undertone:

"I've accidentally learned something which concerns you very much. I don't know what the trouble is, but they are coming here after you, and I felt I must warn you."

The girl started up with clasped hands. "Oh, I've been afraid of this! What can I do, what can I do?"

"There's no time to lose. The sheriff will be here in fifteen minutes. You must get away."

"How? There's no chance. Oh, if only my train had been on time!" The girl broke down and sobbed.

"Here! Don't do that. You must keep your nerve, you know." Morton's brain was working quickly. "Listen. If the sheriff doesn't find you here when he arrives he'll think you are in the neighborhood surely, and he'll stop to search the village. That will take him until morning. The next station north is Newboro—fifteen miles. We have over an hour in which to make it. Will you take the chance?"

"Yes—any chance. I haven't really done anything wrong—and if I can escape"—

"Quick, then! Go over to that shed on the other tracks and wait."

The girl disappeared, and Morton sauntered into the waiting room. "I've a bad headache and decided I'd better not travel. Will the hotel be open?"

"Open until 55 comes in."

"Much obliged. Good night."

Morton picked up his satchel and started toward the hotel. Then he doubled across the tracks to where the girl was waiting.

"Hurry! There's not much time to lose," he said. He had noticed that afternoon a hand car on a siding near the street and went to it.

"Help me to push it," he directed. "Easy, though. The agent must not hear."

Together they shoved the car gently along the rails and into the darkness. Far off they heard the whistle of the sheriff's train.

Morton waited until it thundered up to the station. "Now," he cried, "we must push ahead. Their noise will drown ours."

They jumped aboard and, grasping the levers, started off and in a moment were swinging northward under the stars, with the station lights growing fainter in the distance.

The pumping was hard, for the grade was uphill, and for half an hour nothing was heard but the clanking stroke of the levers, the pounding of the wheels and the labored breathing of the man and woman. The girl looked exhausted, and Morton felt as though there was a glowing furnace in his chest. How long could he last out? he wondered. Then he felt the car run easier, and then—they had reached the crest of the grade and started downward. Morton looked at his watch. It was 12 o'clock.

"We make it now," he said. "You rest."

The girl sank wearily upon the platform, while the car sped through woods and meadows, rattled over bridges and rumbled past walls of rock.

"I wish I could ever thank you," she said, looking up, her face clear in the soft starlight.

"You have thanked me—many times."

"But I mean in words. I don't know what I would have done if you had not helped me. May I tell you why I am running away?"

"You needn't unless you wish. I know you've done nothing wrong. You couldn't."

"I want to tell you. I couldn't bear—at least—I mean I want you to understand. It wasn't wrong. I don't think you'll say it was wrong. You see, my mother died a few days ago—and, oh, I loved her so!—and my stepfather hated me. He was cruel to me and cruel to her even at the last. After she was buried he was worse than ever, and yesterday he told me I must leave his house. I was glad to go—only too glad. I asked him for my mother's little trinkets, things she had had as a girl, a few little bits of jewelry my own father had given her and her picture. She told him on her deathbed they were to be mine. But when I asked for them he refused me; said the law gave them to him. I told him I would take them, and he threatened me with the jail if I did; told me he would have me dragged through the streets like a common criminal.

"Today he left the house for a moment, and I broke open his desk and took them and ran away. I thought I could reach the city before he could catch me, and, once there, he would never find me, and I could live happily alone."

The girl hid her face and cried. Morton longed to comfort her, but he felt it was best to let her have her cry out.

"You are going alone to the city, with no plans, no money, knowing no one?" he asked when she became quieter.

"I can be lost there and safe from him. I can find work. I'm not afraid."

He returned no answer, but the thought of this friendless, innocent, unprotected girl exposed to all the dangers of a great city was more than unpleasant.

The car was slackening speed now, and far up the road were the lighted windows of a station. Morton brought the car to a standstill.

"We must ditch it," he said. And together they lifted and tugged until the machine was down the bank. Then in silence they went on to the station, and Morton bought tickets from a sleepy clerk.

"Would you mind telling me your name?" he asked as they walked together in the darkness.

"Mildred Clarke. I feel as though you knew it, you've been so good, so kind—as kind as a friend could be, if I had one."

Far down the track sounded the whistle of 55.

"Mildred, I want to be more than a friend. You put your trust in me to help you tonight. Won't you trust me longer? Let me help you for all my life?"

The light of the engine fell full upon the upturned face of the girl.

"Yes," she said softly.

Then the night express bore them forward "to that new world which is the old."

Twain's Suggestion.

Mark Twain in his youthful days was a reporter in Carson City. It was his duty one evening to report a meeting of the city council, whose president was a ponderous statesman given to sounding words and intellectual confusion. A motion was made to expunge from the records a certain matter which the presiding officer was extremely anxious should not become part of local history. The motion, having been seconded, was eagerly passed.

"The matter has been ordered expunged," declared the presiding councilman gravely, "and the clerk will proceed—to expunge. It should be effectually wiped out, obliterated and totally destroyed." He paused to notice the effect of his sentence of annihilation. "Where, gentlemen," he asked, "will you have the expunged matter deposited and placed?"

Mark Twain caught the attention of the councilman nearest him. "Let the expunged matter be worn under the chairman's hat," he suggested. "No one would ever think of looking there for anything."

Major Pond and Bill Nye.

More than one successful lecture star had to thank Major Pond for his start. He had keen discrimination and not infrequently sought out and dragged upon the lecture platform an obscure genius who never thought to see himself before the footlights. Such a genius was Bill Nye. When the major found him he was acting as postmaster and editing the Laramie Boomerang over a livery stable. ("Walk down the alley, twist the gray mule's tail, take the elevator immediately!")

Pond persuaded him to try lecturing, and as there proved to be both money and useful publicity in it, Nye was grateful and used for years to remember the major with characteristic notes, one of which had the following exhaustive signature:

Yours with a heart full of gratitude and a system full of drugs, paints, oil, turpentine, glass, putty and everything usually kept in a first class drug store.

BILL NYE.

P. S.—Open all night.

—Boston Transcript.

UNIONISM AT A DISADVANTAGE

By Rev. Dr. R. S. MACARTHUR of New York

IN a generation there have not been more vexatious labor troubles than those affecting the building industries in New York city. These strikes have driven thousands of workmen from the city and separated them from their families.

In these strikes unionism APPEARS AT GREAT DISADVANTAGE. It has acted in a manner both reckless and ruinous.

The city was never more prosperous than today. There is work for everybody and wages are higher as a whole than in any other city in the world, and yet there are thousands who are WALKING THE STREETS in idleness.

Skilled labor in the building trades receives from $24 to $30 or more a week, yet, with the work in hand, workers refuse it in obedience to the order of labor leaders. In some cases the families of laboring men are beginning to feel the pinch of want, and the church has to be appealed to to keep the wolf from the door.

THE WALKING DELEGATE, IT IS TO BE PRESUMED, HAS HIS SALARY, EVEN THOUGH WOMEN AND CHILDREN STARVE OR BEG.

It is not surprising that employers should organize in self defense. The situation had become UNENDURABLE. The great public has the right to be heard and will not forever tolerate the folly of strikes as a method of settling labor difficulties.

STRIKES OUGHT TO BE OBSOLETE. They belong to the mediæval and barbarous ages. Time has come for concessions and conciliation and arbitration. Time has come when the pulpit and the press must lift their united voices in the best interests of the workingman.

We must insist on the preservation of law and order. Let men have the right to strike if in doing so they VIOLATE NO CONTRACT. We all admit they have this right, provided other men are not prevented taking the work which they refuse to do.

It is quite possible for the labor unions to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. They may interfere with America's industrial supremacy in the world.

We must beg all workingmen and employers to act according to the GOLDEN RULE, which is as necessary to success in trade as essential to progression in religion.

THE QUALITY ... of ... IMAGINATION

By President WOODROW WILSON of Princeton University

THE quality of imagination, that constructive power that is aroused and excited by the books, manifests itself very distinctly in some of the papers that come along for examination. Two men writing on the same subject, with the same material to aid them in writing, WILL PRODUCE VERY DIFFERENT RESULTS. I can tell the paper of the man with imagination at once without knowing anything more about him. The man of the technical mind perhaps has gone quite as far as the books have led him, and when he has written what he found there HE IS EXHAUSTED.

The work of the other man shows that he has derived not only information, but INSPIRATION, from the same books. The man of imagination may not be so correct in recalling the words of the book, but he brings away its SPIRIT, and he has followed his inclination to venture into broader fields. Perhaps it is because of this difference between men who began specializing without the training of the college and the specialized man who has had his imagination discovered and stimulated by the college life and course that the college bred man has the advantage.

One man soon PINCHES OUT, as it were, while the other BROADENS and grows braver as he goes on to try problems of increasing difficulty.

THE MAN WITH IMAGINATION IS GREATLY BENEFITED BY COLLEGE TRAINING. HE GETS HIS BEARINGS EARLY AND TO THE VERY BEST ADVANTAGE.

RIGHT LIVING SHOULD BRING ITS REWARD

By BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

IT is well known that I take the position that no race in the same economic and educational conditions as the masses of the black people at the present time should make the matter of politics a question of the first importance in connection with its development. There are other considerations which must PRECEDE AND UNDERLIE political prominence. I make this statement not so much because I am speaking of the negro, but the same conditions would apply to ANY PEOPLE in the same stage of development. I do not believe, however, as I have often stated before, in the south as in the north, that the negro should have constantly held out before him a hope of REWARD FOR RIGHT LIVING, and the law that rewards righteous living should be the same for both races.

THE MENACE IN MOB VIOLENCE

By W. H. MOODY, Secretary of the Navy

MOB violence puts every man's rights to the doubtful determination of men inflamed by passionate resentment and maddened by the thirst for revenge, renders our voice feeble when raised against oppression elsewhere and displays a barbarity which shames the nation in the face of the world. LET THIS PEOPLE, WHERE GOVERNMENT HAS BEEN CALLED A GOVERNMENT OF LAWS AND NOT OF MEN, FIX UPON THOSE WHO HOLD THEMSELVES ABOVE THE LAW AND WISER THAN THE LAW THE SEAL OF THEIR OWN CONDEMNATION.

THE DINING CAR CLEW

By HEADON HILL

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"The chief wants to see you, Inspector Grantham," said a messenger coming into the room at New Scotland Yard.

I went at once to the chief superintendent's office and was received by my superior officer with a friendly nod.

"Good news for you, Grantham," he said. "Some one has fairly given Brady away. Read that letter and look at that photo."

The letter was undated and unsigned. It was in these words:

Brady, the bank note forger, intends to break cover this afternoon and make a bolt for the States. He will leave Euston for Liverpool by the 5:30 corridor express, accompanied by his female accomplice, named Daisy Gilbart. Brady is certain to be disguised. The writer, however, incloses a photograph of Daisy Gilbart, who, not being as yet known to the police, may possibly travel in propria persona.

The photograph was that of a bold, saucy eyed young woman with a profusion of light hair and very showily attired in evening dress. A mark on the neck attracted my attention.

"One would have thought that a woman of that type would have got the photographer to retouch the mark out of the picture," I said. "What do you make of it all, sir—a split in the camp?"

"The chances are that jealousy of this person Gilbart prompted the information."

I could not gainsay the chief's view. In nine cases out of ten the anonymous letters that lead to the capture of important criminals are due to feminine spite. And yet there was the chance that the friendly letter might be a "plant."

The warrant for Joe Brady had been in my hands for six weeks. The only credit I could so far take was that my pursuit had been so keen that he had not dared to come out into the open and make a bolt for it.

I glanced at the clock. It was nearly 3 o'clock, and I had two hours and a half to make arrangements for the capture. I mentioned the names of the plain clothes men whom I desired to support me and took my departure.

So it was that at 5 o'clock I drove up in a hansom to the terminus, carefully dressed in the garments of a bishop and with my face altered from all semblance to the original. To be in keeping with my assumed character in the probable event of Brady having confederates on the watch, I went into the booking office and took a first class ticket for Liverpool, after which I strolled out on to the platform just as the train of vestibule cars was backing into position.

Early as it was, my two subordinates had by my direction preceded me to the station, though they were not to openly communicate with me till the supreme moment. One of them, a smart young sergeant named Parker, who was got up as a blue jacket, contrived to whisper in my ear as I stood at the bookstall:

"The girl is here, apparently alone. Came ten minutes ago. Took two first to Liverpool. Now in the ladies' waiting room."

Parker and his colleague had of course had a sight of the photograph. His information was welcome, as proving that at any rate the letter received at the yard had some foundation and was not, as I had half feared, a practical joke designed to lead us on a wild goose chase.

I sat down on a bench opposite the dining car to await developments. A bishop is a common object nowadays, and my laced hat and gaiters attracted but little attention. I was able to look over the top of the Church Times, which I had purchased, and so watch the arrival of passengers. A score of people had taken their seats in the dining car, but not one of them, allowing for the most elaborate disguise, could I identify as Joe Brady. They were mostly unmistakable Americans returning to their native land in parties of threes and fours.

Suddenly an incident occurred which at the time caused me some uneasiness. Sergeant Parker's voice reached me, raised in tones of expostulation.

"No, I don't want a drink, mate, and by the same token you seem to have had a full dose already," he was saying.

A little way along the platform my assistant had been accosted by a half tipsy blue jacket, who was trying to pull him into the buffet. The sailor's cap proclaimed that he belonged to the same ship as that which Parker's disguise denoted, the Majestic. To my relief, the man seemed to be too muddled to perceive that the sergeant was no shipmate of his, but staggered off, dropping his bundle once or twice, to the front of the train.

The sailor had hardly disappeared when the original of the photograph came out of the waiting room and crossed the platform to the dining car. She was wearing a well cut serge costume and had made no attempt at disguise, even the mark on her neck being distinctly visible above the collar of her dress.

But where was the redoubtable Brady? It was 5:25 now, and there were no signs of Miss or Mrs. Daisy Gilbart's intended traveling companion. The same question was plainly beginning to agitate the lady. She quitted the seat which she had secured and stood on the platform of the car gazing anxiously toward the entrance from the booking office.

The warning bell rang. I decided on no account to lose sight of the fair Daisy. If the person she was expecting did not come and she went on in the train I would go too. If she got out and abandoned her journey I and my assistants would shadow her wherever she went.

Contriving a word with Parker, I hastily sketched my intentions and bade him go forward to the third class carriages, into one of which he was to jump at the last minute if he saw me board the dining car.

A moment later I had taken my seat in the car, for Gilbart, after one last distracted gaze to the station entrance, had decided to pursue her journey. As the train gathered speed I settled down to the task of watching for signs of her fraternizing with one of the other passengers, but nothing of the sort occurred. She sat looking out of the window, and presently a tear stole down her cheek—only one, but a genuine tear.

Moved by a sudden impulse, I changed my seat and took the place opposite to her at the white draped table. My episcopal garb warranted, I thought, the proffer of consolation, in the course of which the pumping process might be administered.

Imagine, then, my astonishment when my overtures were received with:

"What's the use of talking like that? You're the 'tec that's after Joe Brady, ain't you?"

A denial would certainly not have been believed, so I nodded admission.

"You've had your trouble for nothing, I'm afraid. He must have got wind of that letter and kept out of the way."

"The letter!" I exclaimed in bewilderment.

"I wrote it myself," replied the girl. "I wanted him caught, you see. Don't ask why; it's a woman's reason. But he's too cunning for me, and now I suppose he'll kill me some time."

The ice being broken, she poured forth a flood of recriminations against her late associate, affirming that she had no idea of his true character and giving me the address of his hiding place in Battersea.

"We don't stop till Crewe, but you'd better wire to your people from there to arrest him, or at any rate shadow him till you get back," she advised.

I had already decided to do so, but I was still not quite satisfied. Why had she gone on in the train after finding that her communication to the police had been abortive?

Her home was in New York, she said, and, having her passage ticket taken, she wished to use it and cut herself adrift from evil associates. So the train rushed northward, the other passengers in the car soon ceasing to be amused by the friendship struck up between the elderly bishop and the solitary traveler.

At last the train ran into Crewe station, and as I rose she put out her well gloved hand. "Goodby, Mr. Grantham. I do hope you'll catch him," she said. "My life won't be safe till he's under lock and key."

"But this is not goodby. I am only going to send off the wire," I said. "I am going on with you to Liverpool to see you safe on board the steamer."

It was a chance shot, but it went home. She turned ashy pale, and I knew that she had been working with the object of getting rid of me at Crewe. But where was Brady?

The question was answered by Daisy Gilbart herself in the anguished cry of "My father! Oh, my father!" Following her gaze to the platform, I saw outside the car window two sailors of the Majestic with linked arms. One of them was handcuffed.

"I've got him, sir," said Parker. "By luck I traveled down in the same compartment and laid a few conversational traps for him. He had neglected to sufficiently post himself in detail about our fine old craft. I smelt a rat before we'd gone twenty miles."

* * * * * * *

"Daisy Gilbart" was indeed Brady's daughter, and I could not help being sorry for her. She had made a bold bid to hoodwink us by concentrating the attention of our combined forces on the dining car while her father traveled in another part of the train, but she hardly allowed for the caution of an experienced officer.

The Sea of Sahara.

French engineers have declared that it is perfectly feasible to convert the desert of Sahara into a vast lake, thus opening to commerce great regions of the interior of Africa which can now only be reached by long, tedious and dangerous caravan journeys. They say that a large portion of the desert lies below the level of the Atlantic and that by digging a canal to let in the waters of the ocean the great change could be effected easily and at a cost which would be small compared to the benefits which would accrue. If the whole desert lay below the level of the Atlantic the flooding of it would create a sea more than four times as big as the Mediterranean; but, as the Sahara is composed of elevated plateaus, mountain ranges and depressions, only a part would be covered with water when the waves of the ocean were let in, and the new sea thus formed would be an irregular body of water probably of about the same size as the Mediterranean. Great commercial cities would at once spring up on its shores and trade and civilization strike at once to the heart of Africa. The sea of Sahara may never become a reality, but in any event it is a gigantic and pleasing dream.

Killed by Fear.

Frederick I. of Prussia was killed by fear. His wife was insane, and one day she escaped from her keeper and, dabbing her clothes with blood, rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair. King Frederick imagined her to be the White Lady, whose ghost was believed to invariably appear whenever the death of a member of the royal family was to occur, and he was thrown into a fever and died in six weeks.

UNANIMOUS FOR SARTO

PATRIARCH OF VENICE BECOMES LEO'S SUCCESSOR.

RESEMBLES HIS PREDECESSOR IN CULTURE AND PIETY.

HE WAS ASSOCIATED WITH NO FACTION OF CHURCH.

Rome, Aug. 3.—The conclave, after being in session for four days, Monday elected Guiseppe Sarto, patriarch of Venice, as pope to succeed Leo XIII., and he now reigns at the Vatican and over the Catholic world as Pius X. Last night all Rome was illuminated in his honor.

His election and the assumption of his holy office were marked by a striking demonstration and impressive ceremonies at the Vatican. Today the new pope, clad in his full pontificial robes and with all the ritualistic ceremony, received the members of the diplomatic corps, the cardinals and the bishops, who then offered their official homage, this notwithstanding the fact that twice yesterday the cardinals and many high officials of the Vatican went through a similar ceremony. The date upon which the coronation of Pius X. will occur has not yet been officially decided, but the impression prevails that it will occur August 9. Although the election was over at 11 o'clock in the morning and was announced to the world forty-five minutes later by the appearance of the new pope at the window of St. Peter's, the conclave was not formally dissolved until 5.30 in the afternoon.

The election of the patriarch of Venice was unanimous. After Monday's ballots it was a foregone conclusion that he was the only candidate sufficiently acceptable to all to secure the necessary two-thirds, which the laws of the church requires. One of the cardinals said to the representative of the Associated Press last night that he believed Piux X. would follow the broad lines of Leo's policy, although not likely to accentuate it. This voices the general feeling here, which is one of satisfaction.

Frequently Mentioned.

The new pontiff is a man of simple origin and, although not a very prominent candidate, he had been frequently mentioned as one of the many cardinals who might be taken up as a compromise. In several respects he resembles his venerable predecessor, notably in his reputation for culture and piety.

Having been associated with no factions, this fact alone won him much favor from foreign cardinals who were without an especial candidate. Pius X. was humorously described as "a country mouse who could not possibly find his way about Rome."

Venetians who know the new pope well say that he will soon be as much beloved as pontiff as he was as the beloved patriarch of the poor of the Adriatic. In appearance Pius X. is a very handsome man. He has a fine, erect figure despite his 68 years, his face greatly resembling that of the late Phillips Brooks, the eminent Boston divine.

All the members of the sacred college declare that they are very well satisfied with the election of Cardinal Sarto, but the anti-Rampolla party consider it as their special victory. When the first ballot was taken it showed that the sacred college was divided into two groups, the stronger one for Rampolla and another not quite so strong for Serafino Vannutelli. The other votes were scattered, but included four for Sarto.

On the subsequent ballots, while the two principal parties were losing ground, Sarto gradually gained, drawing strength from both sides as well as from the neutrals until the ballot on Monday afternoon, when his vote had increased to 37, within six of the necessary two-thirds.

Overcome With Emotion.

When the result of this ballot was announced in the conclave Cardinal Sarto was so overcome with emotion and so touched by the unlooked for confidence reposed in him that he could no longer control his feelings, and, to the surprise of all, he broke down, declaring that such responsibility and honor were not for him and that he must refuse if offered. Tears rolled down his cheeks and he seemed firm in his determination to refuse the dignity. He was so palpably sincere that consternation reigned in the conclave and the cardinals spent the whole evening and far into the night in convincing him that his election was the will of Providence, and that he must accept. Cardinal Sarto's lips trembled so that he could hardly articulate, but after a visible effort he said:

"If this cup cannot pass from me—"

There he paused, but the cardinals around him insisted that it was necessary for him to answer "yes" or "no."

Thereupon he replied firmly, "I accept."

There is much speculation regarding the political attitude of the new pope inasmuch as he has not participated in the general affairs of the church during his career. The general opinion, however, is that he will make no change in the relations between the Vatican and the quirinal.

One of his first steps certainly will be to ameliorate the relations of the Vatican and France and try to prevent a similar struggle against the congregations in Spain. He is not credited with being particularly favorable to Austria, as he still remembers how much his fatherland suffered under the domination of that country.

Pius X. admires the progress of Catholicism in America and considers the United States a most fetile field for religion. The cardinals mentioned as likely to be appointed secretary of state are Ferrata, prefect of the congregation of bishops; Cavagnis and Vincenzo Vannutelli, bishop of Palestina.

STORY OF HIS LIFE.

Honored For His Purity and Strict Uprightness.

Guiseppe Sarto was born in Riesi, diocese of Treviso, June 2, 1835, and was created cardinal by Leo XIII. at the consistory of June 12, 1893, receiving the title of S. Bernardo delle Terme. He is also Patriarch of Venice since June, 1893, and Bishop of Mantua. He belongs to the ecclesiastical congregations of bishops and regulars, sacred rites, indulgences and sacred relics.

Cardinal Sarto enjoys great popularity in his diocese, and is honored by all for his purity, for the strict uprightness of his life, and for liberal ideas. He is a modest and agreeable man, highly cultivated, very kindhearted, still strong and robust in spite of his 68 years. He has never taken great part in the political and public life of the church; but divided his time between study and good works. Although most faithful to the Holy See he was presented to the King and Queen of Italy in Venice. He may be considered among the more liberal members of the Italian episcopate and sacred college. He is rather timid in expressing an opinion. It is said that Leo XIII. always thought very highly of him, and sided with him on one occasion when Sarto disapproved of Rampolla's policy.

The new pope is modest, energetic, a good administrator and organizer, a patron of the arts, and his seriousness always has been proverbial.

Early in April Pope Leo, in a conversation with Fr. Perosi, the Italian composer, said in speaking of Cardinal Sarto:

"Hold him very dear, Perosi, as in the future he will be able to do much for you. We firmly believe he will be our successor."

He has been known for many years as one of the greatest preachers in the church.

"Sarto" in Italian means "tailor" and Pius X., when a young seminarist, being rather elegant in his priestly robes, his companions used to joke, saying that he evidently knew the business. He began his education at a seminary at Treviso and continued it at Padua, the seat of the famous university, one of the best known in the world. Pius X. was only 23 when he was consecrated a priest at Castel Franco, the birthplace of the great master, Giorgione, acting afterwards for nine years as coadjutor to the parish priest of Tombolo, province of Padua, a small village of 2,950 people who were the first to appreciate his virtues. His kindness was untiring. In 1867 he was appointed parish priest at Salzano, which was considered an important decision, being a village of 3,341 souls. He distinguished himself so much at Salzano that he was only kept there two years, which is remarkable in the career of an Italian parish priest. In 1875 he was elected chancellor of the bishopric of Treviso, then spiritual director of that seminary, judge of the ecclesiastical tribunal and finally vicar general.

Pope Leo, who had highly appreciated his cleverness, piety and modesty, appointed him in November, 1884, at the age of 49 years, bishop of Mantua, where he remained nine years, until 1893, when he was made a cardinal and appointed patriarch of Venice. He there distinguished himself as a thorough reformer, suppressing all abuses, restoring the dignity of the clergy and the earnestness of religion. To him is due the revival of a Gregorian chant in the beautiful churches, overlooking the lagoons, and to him is due the strict lithurgic rules. Sarto became the idol of the Venetians. When his gondola went through the canals the people rushed on the bridges and along the sides of the canals, kneeling and saluting, the women exclaiming "God bless the patriarch."

Advices from Riese, the birthplace of Pius X. and a village of 4,000 inhabitants, state that the pope's mother, now dead, when living there, occupied a small peasant's house, having in her humility always refused to live with her son, Guiseppe, as even his modest establishment was considered by her to be too luxurious in comparison with what she was accustomed to. The elder brother of the pope, Angelo, lives in the village of Dellegrazie, province of Mantua, being the postman of the district.

FIRED THE VILLAGES

REPORTED BULGARIAN BAND RAIDED TURKISH TOWNS.

BRIDGES AND STORES DESTROYED BY DYNAMITE.

OUTBREAKS ANTICIPATED ON SULTAN'S BIRTHDAY.

Constantinople, Aug. 5.—Hilmi Pacha reports that a band of 150 Bulgarian sfired the Turkish villages of Dollindje and Ramna, in the Monastir district, destroyed a government building and the telegraph office in the village of Korshovo with bombs and burned granaries belonging to Turks and Greeks in the villages through which they passed.

Salonica, European Turkey, Aug. 5.—A railroad bridge at Ekishon, near Monastir, which is eighty-seven miles northwest of here, and a railway storehouse at Bonitza have been dynamited. The telegraph line between Salonica and Monastir has been cut. The greatest uneasiness exists here in the highest and best informed circles, and a renewal of the bomb-throwing outrages is apprehended. Several nihilists of an extreme type are known to have arrived recently, and it is feared that a serious outbreak has been planned for Sept. 1, the sultan's fete day, though no one would be surprised if it occurred earlier.

The authorities are taking extraordinary precautions. The guards at the consulates and public buildings have been doubled and the patrols have been reinforced at the custom house. The number of soldiers in the Salonica garrison is 5,000. It is believed that the recent insurgent activity was designed to draw off a part of those troops, but the authorities were not trapped.

MUST PAY INCREASE.

Or Trainmen and Conductors on Rock Island Road Will Strike.

Chicago, Aug. 5.—Trainmen and conductors employed by the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad have voted to strike unless the road pays the increases in wages that they have demanded. The determination will be made known to the officers of the railroad company to-day when committees representing the Order of Railway Conductors and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen will wait upon them.

These committees will tell the officers of the railroad company the result of the referendum vote that has been taken on the question of a strike and will ask the officers to meet their demands. In case of a flat refusal the committee will then adjourn to prepare for calling a strike of the 2,000 trainmen and conductors by the road.

National officers of the two employes' organizations are here and are doing their best to prevent a strike.

The dispute is over the new agreement presented by the conductors and the trainmen early this year. This provided for an increase of 12½ per cent in the wages of the men in the passenger service and of 15 per cent for those in the freight service. At the same time that the demands for increases in wages were presented the road was asked to approve of certain working rules.

CORDIAL WISHES.

Tendered New Pope by Federation of Catholic Societies.

Atlantic City, N. J., Aug. 5.—The following cablegram in Latin was sent to Cardinal Gotti, propaganda, Rome, by the American federation of Catholic societies, after announcement was made of the election of Cardinal Sarto as pope: "The American federation of Catholic societies assembled in annual convention tenders to the newly elected pontiff its cordial wishes with assurance of filial love and obedience, begging at the same time for the apostolic blessing.

PRESIDENT MINAHAN.
Bishop Keiley, of Savanna.
Bishop McFaul, of Trenton.
Bishop Messmer, of Green Bay, Wis.

Philadelphia, Aug. 5.—Archbishop Ryan is greatly pleased with the election of Cardinal Sarto as the successor to Pope Leo. In speaking of the election the archbishop said: "I am very much gratified at Cardinal Sarto's selection. In my mind he was one of the very strongest of the candidates and the result of the balloting is no surprise to me. It will be received by the church with universal satisfaction I am sure. There is no doubt that the new pope will prove himself a worthy successor to Leo XIII. Personally I could not have been more pleased."

Work of Vandals.

San Juan, P. R., Aug. 5.—The warehouse of Blasini Brothers, at Ponce, was set on fire and robbed Monday The safe was forced and $14,000 stolen from it. Later the Blasini brothers were arrested at Ponce for alleged complicity in the affair. They are now under bonds pending examination. The case is growing sensational.

LET IN THE REPORTERS.

Prof. Langley's Airship Projects Were Exposed.

Widewater, Va., Aug. 5.—The tranquility of the Langley airship expedition was considerably disturbed Tuesday afternoon by the announcement from Truxtun Beale, of Washington, a charter member of the Mt. Vernon association whose club house on Quantico Island has been headquarters for the Smithsonian party, that an indefinite stay of the workmen was beyond the membership privileges.

Mr. Beale extended the hospitality of the club to newspaper correspondents who had been excluded by orders of Prof. Langley. Several reporters were entertained at luncheon and invited to return at their pleasure. Chief Assistant Chas. R. Manley and his associates knew nothing of Mr. Beale's criticism until they returned as usual to the island in the evening. In his objection Mr. Beale, it is said, voiced the opinion of other members and Prof. Langley in Boston was made acquainted with the protest. It is said the change of headquarters for the Langley party may result.

Frightful Accident.

Lancaster, Pa., Aug. 5.—Harry Siple is seriously, perhaps fatally, burned and his wife and 10-year-old son Elwood are dead as the result of a fire which occurred last night at their home in Washington Borough. Siple had retired to bed. Mrs. Siple was going upstairs when a lamp she was carrying exploded and set fire to her clothing. All ablaze, she rushed into the room where her husband lay. The bed clothes caught fire. His nightdress in flames, Siple leaped from the window, while his wife, by this time overcome, sank to the floor. The boy, who had been sleeping with his father, had no chance to escape. His body was burned to a crisp.

Pleads Not Guilty.

Hartford, Conn., Aug. 5.—Oliver T. Sherwood, the cashier of the Southport National bank who is charged with embezzling funds of the bank to the amount of $100,000, was arraigned before Judge Platt in the U. S. district court last night. He entered a plea of not guilty and was bound over to the August term of the court under bonds of $25,000. Sherwood was brought here from New York, having arrived from Panama on the steamer Seguranca.

Chicago In a Pretty Plight.

Chicago, Aug. 5.—The city of Chicago is threatened with bankruptcy. There are now on file suits aggregating $36,000,000; judgments have been granted for suits aggregating $5,000,000, for which there is no fund from which to draw, and new suits are piling up at an alarming rate. Defective sidewalks, unpaved streets, and uncovered coal holes are the aids in these constant attacks on the city treasury.

President Sent Baby $100.

Pittsburg, Aug. 5.—A check for $100 has been received from President Roosevelt for Theodore Roosevelt Signet, the boy born to Mr. and Mrs. William H. Signet of McKeesport some weeks ago, and which is the twentieth child born to Mr. Signet. The money has been placed in bank to the credit of the baby, the interest to accumulate until he is 21 years old.

GENERAL MARKETS.

Wednesday, Aug. 5.

DETROIT.—Wheat: No. 1 white, 80½c; Dec., 82¾c. Corn—No. 3 mixed, 53¾c; No. 3 yellow, 55¼c. Oats—No. 3 white, 37c. Rye—No. 2, 52½c. Beans — Spot, $1.90. Cloverseed—Prime, $5.60; alsike, $6.

CHICAGO.—Wheat: Sept., 80⅝c; Dec., 81¼c. Corn—Sept., 52¼c; Dec., 52c. Oats—Sept., 34¼c; Dec., 35½c. Pork—Sept., $13.67. Lard—Sept., $7.92. Ribs—Sept., $8.12.

Live Stock Markets.

DETROIT.—Cattle: Choice steers, $4.75@5; good to choice butcher steers, 1,000 to 1,200 lb, $4@4.75; light to good butcher's fat cows, $3@3.50; light stockers, $3@3.15. Veal calves, $4.50@6. Milch cows and springers, steady, $25@45. Sheep and lambs—Best lambs, $5@6; fair to good lambs, $4.25@4.85; yearlings, $3.75@4.25; fair to good butcher sheep, $3.75@4.25; culls and common, $1.25@2. Hogs—Light to good butchers, $5.50@5.60; pigs, $5.60@5.75; light Yorkers, $5.60@5.70; roughs, $4.60@5.

CHICAGO.—Cattle: Market steady; good to prime steers, $5@5.60; poor to medium, $3.75@4.90; calves, $3@6. Hogs—Mixed and butchers, $4.90@5.45; good to choice heavy, $5.15@5.30; light, $5.20@5.65. Sheep, steady; lambs, strong; good to choice wethers, $3.60@3.90; fair to choice mixed, $2.75@3.50; native lambs, $3.25@6.25.

EAST BUFFALO.—Cattle: Thirty cars; trade very dull; nothing doing. Best calves, $7@7.25; fair to good, $6@6.50. Hogs—Mediums, $5.90@5.95; heavy, $5.85@5.90; Yorkers and pigs, $6.25@6.30. Best lambs, $5.25@5.50; fair to good, $4.75@5; mixed sheep, $5.50@5.75; wethers, $3.75@3.50.

The Weather.

Washington, Aug. 5.—Forecast for Thursday: Ohio—Fair; variable winds.

Upper Michigan—Fair; variable winds.

Lower Michigan—Generally fair; variable winds.

Child Killed by the Cars.

Jackson, Mich., Aug. 5.—Ernest, the 18-months-old son of Fred Kane, a Napoleon farmer, was killed early Tuesday morning at Ackerson's station, on the Cincinnati Northern railway, five miles south of Jackson. The child was playing on the track with a little cart and tin pail, when the morning resort train from Clark's lake, backing up, struck it.

Mistook Father for a Burglar.

Fowlerville, Mich., Aug. 5.—C. E. Baldwin, station agent for the Pere Marquette, was out late and his family locked the door and retired. Mr. Baldwin, on returning, alarmed the household by his efforts to get in. His son shot through the door. The father received a slight wound in the arm.

Found Body Hanging to Tree.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Aug. 5.—Three women who were berrying in the Seymour road found the body of Mauri Palo hanging from a tree in a badly decomposed condition. Palo left home July 21, telling his wife he was going to a drug store. He did not return, and she has been searching for him ever since. No reason for his suicide can be guessed.

Strike Epidemic.

Menominee, Mich., Aug. 5.—The machinists of Menominee and Marinette are on a strike. They asked for a nine-hour day but were refused. A short time ago they asked for nine hours a day or Saturday afternoon off. Their employers gave them the afternoon off, but some were not satisfied and wanted shorter hours. There are about 250 men who struck.

TO EXECUTE EDITORS.

Chinese Take Fatal Step In Shanghai Trouble.

Pekin, Aug. 5.—The Chinese government has addressed a note directly to the foreign ministers, requesting the extradition of the editor and staff of the Supa, the Chinese reform organ at Shanghai, who are charged with seditious writings, thus reinforcing the demand of the Shanghai officials upon the consults and demand that the prisoners are wanted for execution. A trial is not mentioned, and it is therefore inferred that the authorities propose to dispense with such a formality.

Cow Ate Up $85.

Akron, O., Aug. 5.—Whiile working on the Cleveland & Pittsburg railroad at Macedona, Contractor Frank Wise hung his vest on the fence on a lot belonging to Frank Green, a prominent farmer. In the pocket of the vest was a purse containing $85. A wandering cow spied it and ate the vest and contents, but fortunately Wise discovered the cow in the act, purchased the animal of Green for $50 and sold her to a local butcher for $25. The cow was slaughtered immediately and a search resulted in the recovery of the money to the value of $75, which was yet in such condition that it could be redeemed.

St. Paul to Bar Noisy Fourths.

St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 5.—Because of the fatalities of the Fourth of July and the opposition developing because of the reckless use of blank cartridges, bombs, pistols, and other noise-makers, Corporation Attorney Michael has drafted an ordinance which it is said the city council will adopt, declaring that all these forms of Fouth of July amusement are prohibited.

Airships to Race.

New York, Aug. 5.—Leo Stevens, American airship inventor, and Carlos La Strange, French ballonist, have arrived at Coney Island to prepare for a race in two newly constructed dirigible balloon ships. The race is scheduled for this afternoon. These ships will be entered in the international competition at the St. Louis fair. The race today is for a prize of $1.000.

Anti-Church Bell Ordinance Fails.

Eldora, Ia., Aug. 5.—The anti-church bell ordinance of this city is dead and the bells will continue to summon the people to divine worship. The ordinance was vetoed by Mayor Ellis D. Robb, and an effort was made to pass the measure over the mayor's vetoe, but it failed by one vote.

LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Coming to Inspect.—The sub-committee of the royal commission of London street traffic, which was appointed last month to study American street railroad systems, will sail for New York Sept. 18.

Boiler Exploded.—By the explosion of the boiler of a Northern Central railroad engine at Timonium, Md., two men were probably fatally injured. They are John H. Baer, engineer; W. J. Chenowith, fireman.

Killed While He Slept.—While he slept, Dwight Jackson, aged 62, a laborer of Barnesville, O., was murdered early Tuesday morning. As the old man slumbered in his bed his assailant sneaked into his room and dealt him a blow on the head that crushed the skull.

A Memorial Lighthouse.—The proposal to establish a public park in or near the city of Honolulu as a memorial to the late President McKinley will probably be abandoned. Instead of this tribute to the chief executive, during whose administration the people of Hawaii became citizens of the United States, it is now planned to erect a McKinley memorial lighthouse at the entrance of Honolulu harbor.

Eloped With Wife's Niece.

Detroit, Mich., Aug. 5.—Will Meyers, an ice man, and Bertie Goodman, a niece of Will's wife, have eloped, so declares the unfortunate Mrs. Meyers, who is still living at 333 Monroe avenue. Meyers, who is 35 years old, and Miss Goodman disappeared three weeks ago. For some time Meyers had been paying far more attention to the handsome niece, aged 17, than to his wife, the latter claims. Miss Goodman had been boarding with the Meyers family.

Lineman Electrocuted.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Aug. 5.—Matthew Curran Eardley, a lineman on the street railway, while working on a Monroe street pole Tuesday afternoon came in contact with a live wire and was instantly killed. The body hung suspended until lowered with a rope, and a great crowd gathered to see the gruesome sight. Eardley was 25 years old and was to have been married soon to Miss Anna Kerscham.

Want Cumins Pardoned.

Hillsdale, Mich., Aug. 5.—An effort is being made to secure the parole or pardon of Albert B. Cumins of this county, who was sent to the Jackson prison nearly two years ago for five years for obtaining money under false pretenses. It is reported that he is suffering from heart trouble, which is aggravated by his confinement, and that if kept there he will not live out his term.

Michigan Inventors.

Washington, Aug. 5.—Michigan patents were issued Tuesday as follows: George A. Archambault, Clare, sack scale; George Banks, Greenville, hook; George Brady, Jackson, machine for molding concrete blocks; August S. Cramer, Coopersville, mold for concrete walls; Elliot H. Crane, Kalamazoo, fishing rod; Joseph F. Genta, Mt. Clemens, machine for splitting kernels of Indian corn; also bolting reel; also apparatus for determination and decortication of Indian corn; James E. Harkins and J. B. Willis, Ann Arbor, toaster; Charles I. Huxley, Athens, fence fastener; George W. Lilley, Lapeer, land roller; James M. MacDonald, Detroit, machine for grading tablets; J. L. Pilling and R. J. Kruz, Port Huron, motor; David J. Richards, Baltimore, synchronizer; Theo. A. Seitz, Grand Rapids, electric motor; Sylvanus Stevens, Grayling, salt cellar; David K. Stone, Bloomingdale, vehicle pole tip; Edward Tannewitz, Grand Rapids, furniture coupling; James E. Twitchell, Detroit, coat hanger.

A NEW ILLUMINANT.

Claims For a Liquid Gas Made by a Munich Chemist.

The American consul general at Munich reports that a well known German chemist, Hermann Blau, has discovered a new illuminating agent. He has found a way to distill off a compound of methane and hydrogen from "oil gas," and, having separated this, he liquefies it by a pressure of forty atmospheres in a steel retort. The product is very volatile, but the vapor is a trifle heavier than air. Compared with coal gas, acetylene or alcohol, it is cheaper for heating purposes and more brilliant. It is said that the new gas can be handled with ease. No reference is made to the explosive qualities.

On Dec. 24, 1902, a test was had for the first time to produce the liquid gas. The trial showed how practical and very simple the process of preparation was. It has since been decided to erect an oil gas furnace and to reconstruct the rectifying apparatus in accordance with the practical observations obtained by the experiments of last December.

A new test has recently been made and shows a most marked improvement and a remarkable productive power in every respect. It was also found that by the addition of a considerable amount of tar, which is in nowise detrimental, a beautiful yellow color was given to the gas.

A test tube filled with the liquid gas needed only the warmth of the hand to cause it to effervesce. It also effervesced when poured upon a metallic plate and on water. In the latter case a crust of ice was formed.

Sure Death to Mosquitoes.

Each day we pick the papers up and read
of some new way
To squelch the bad mosquito in his irritating play.
They tell us if we burn a lot of sulphur
in the room
'Twill send the skeeter scurrying ahead
to meet his doom,
But if you do not care to breathe the sulphuretic mist
You'll find it just as certain if you slap
him on the wrist.

Also they've found a little worm, a parasitic pest
That loves to hit the skeeter in the center
of his vest
And make him feel a bitter, green cucumber sort of twinge
And twist his spinal column till it doubles
like a hinge.
If there's no paregoric, then the skeeter
will be missed,
But he is dead and done for if you slap
him on the wrist.

'Tis said that giving him a bath in crude
petroleum
Will make him fold his vibrant wings and
make his voice be dumb,
Or if you spray him carefully with strong
formaldehyde
Into the dim hereafter he will most serenely glide.
Some eucalyptus ointment, too, will cause
him to desist,
But you are sure to kill him if you slap
him on the wrist.

The latest theory is that if you will find
his key—
The note upon the scale that he regards
with lively glee,
The zippy, zoomy, zizzy note he sings as
swift he flies—
And play it for him, when you do the
bold mosquito dies.
But why prolong the agony? Why finish
out the list?
It's safe to bet he's dead if you have
slapped him on the wrist.

—Chicago Tribune.